BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER
1942

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VOL. 25, No. 5 NOVEMBER, 1942

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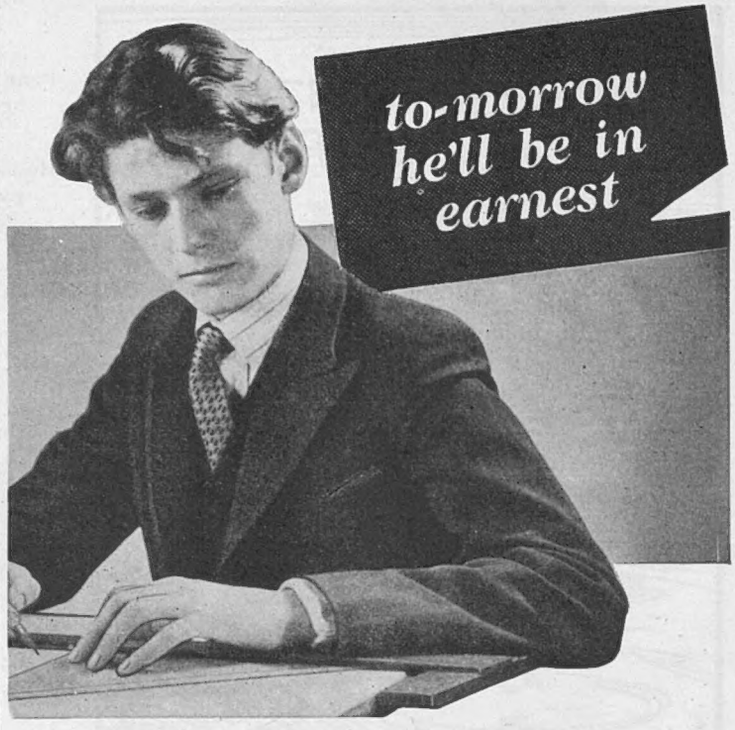

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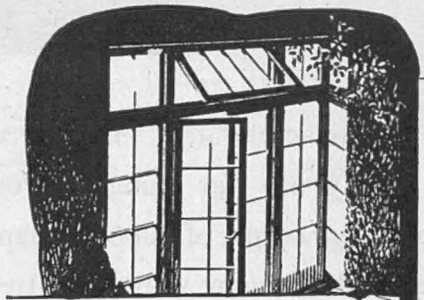

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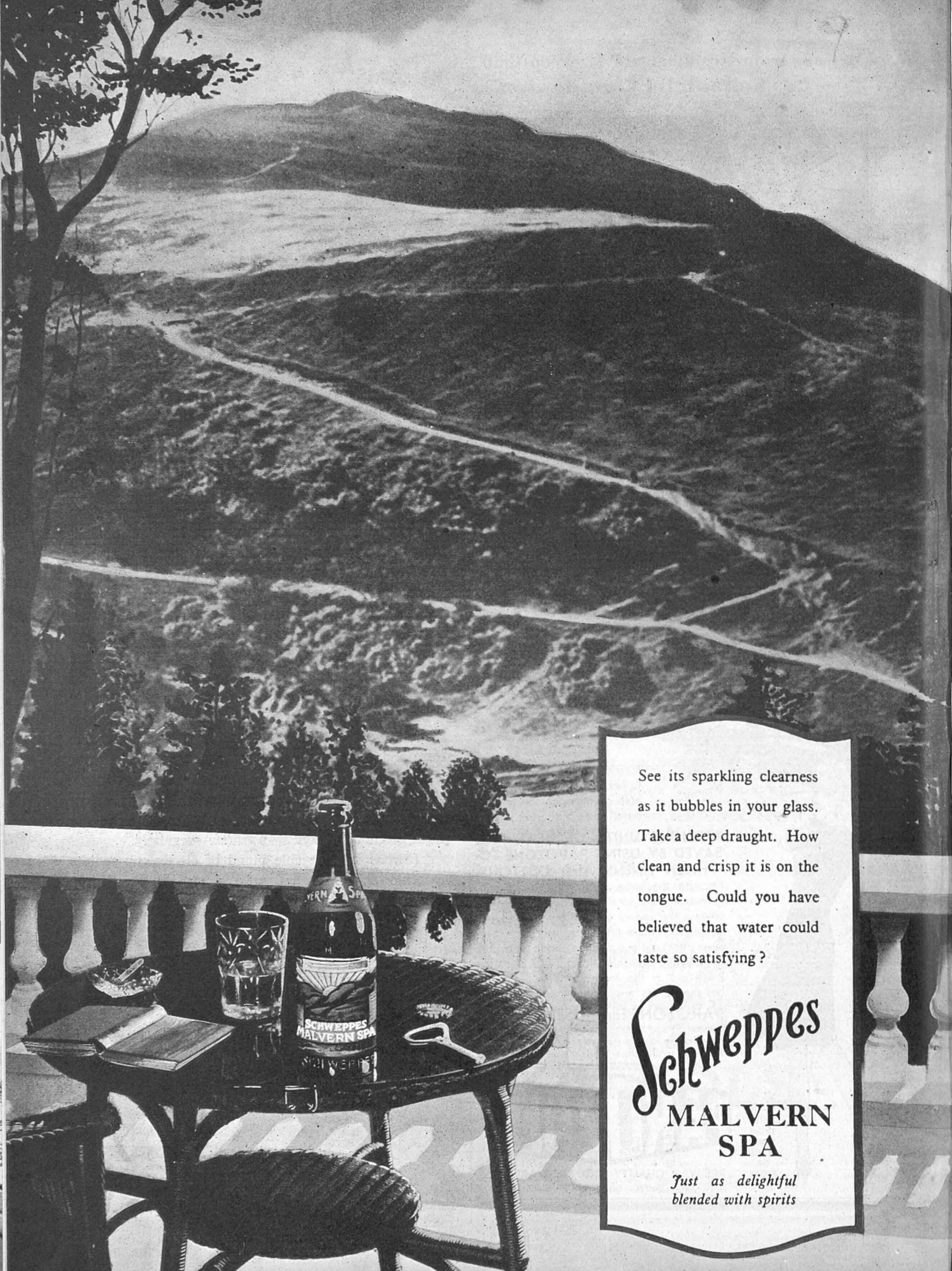

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Outside the mouth of the cave their guard walked back and forth, and Sergeant Harris marked his passing with lack-lustre eyes

The Runt

His comrades gave him this name — but his mind was not measured by his small physique

By

Arthur Breyfogle

THE wounded man turned on his cot and moaned. Sprawled near-by on the floor of the cave, big Sergeant Harris grunted. "All right! *All* right! Nurse 'll be back shortly an' 'old your 'and! You be a good boy or we won't 'ave you to stay with us another time. Flies on 'im, Lumsden?"

"No, Sergeant."

"The Runt 's a long while gone."

"That shellin' last night, I dare say. There 'll be work for 'im."

"Keeps at it, the Runt does. Anyone 'd think 'e got paid!"

"Maybe 'e 'll pinch a bit o' something again," said Lumsden hopefully. "We could do with it, after that gruel they call rations."

Their cave opened into two other caves, deep in the rock. To them, the day was only a circle of hot light ten yards away. Every two minutes the figure of the German guard passed across that circle, his rifle under his arm. Once they saw him dash the sweat from his forehead, and Sergeant Harris grinned. "'Ope the blighter fries!" he said.

There was some excuse for Harris. He had been at the taking of El Maghid, and he had served with distinction all through its stubborn defence. If he hadn't waited to make sure that everything useful was blown up before the British evacuated that much-contested stronghold, he need never have been captured at all. As it was, he and the rest of the twenty-odd were held prisoners in the place they had helped seize and helped hold. They had been there three weeks and, the way the war in North Africa swayed first one way and then the other, they might be there a great while longer.

The position at El Maghid was something under two miles long and about a mile wide. Its core was a low, rocky hill. In the distant past men of some forgotten race had honeycombed the rock with caves, the mouths of which looked north to the coast road and the Mediterranean or south to the desert. Their walls were blackened and pock-marked now from grenades thrown in the most recent disputes for their possession, but the caves still gave shelter to those who kept a precarious hold upon them. There were four hundred Germans and Italians and a score of British prisoners. East, south and west, the lines of the besieging British and Australians held El Maghid in an unrelenting grip. The prayer of Sergeant Harris and his comrades was that the caves might soon change hands once again. Whenever a British shell struck close enough to half-deafen them and spatter the mouth of their cave with whining bits of steel, they cheered. Whenever a 'plane came over and dropped bombs that might bury them all alive, they made intercession for the airman's aim. To the Germans among their captors they accorded a reluctant respect; for the Italians they had nothing but contempt. They were given just enough food to keep them from starvation, but their eyes were still as hard and angry as on the first day of their captivity. The Runt had told them to spend as much time as possible lying still, if they wanted to dull the sharpest edge of their hunger. The trouble was that a chap couldn't sleep all the time. When they were awake, the time merely crept.

It was a little different for the Runt. His name was Edward Mathers, and he had been an orderly in the Medical Corps. When he was captured he was tending the wounded and, having no doctor of their own, the Germans put him to work. His most important patient was a Colonel Ritter, in command of the present garrison of El Maghid before a shell dropped too close to him. Ritter hadn't regained consciousness since then. He moaned again now, and Sergeant Harris had an exasperated gesture. "What 've they got to keep him in 'ere with us for? Cryin' out most of the night an' breakin' a chap's sleep an' all!"

"Mathers says it 's because 'e 's needin' someone with 'im night an' day, Sergeant, an' Mathers is the only one to do it. They reckon 'e 's as safe 'ere as anywhere else, an' quieter than most places."

"What 's wrong with 'im, then?"

"Concussion, Mathers says, *and* a fracture. Got a broken arm, too, an' super—super*ficial* wounds. A rum one, Mathers is! I 've seen 'im up six an' eight times a night, seein' to that there 'Un. Told me 'e 'd always 'ad a fancy for doctorin', and this is an uncommon kind of case. You 'd think Mathers 'ad thought it up, 'e 's that proud of it!"

"Quiet! This is 'im now."

Like the others, Mathers wore the rags of what had once been a uniform. But the most immaculate uniform on earth could never have made a military figure out of the short, slight,

peering man who now came into their cave. He had steel-rimmed spectacles with thick lenses, and he blinked, coming from blinding light into semi-darkness. "Hallo!" he said, and gestured towards the cot. "Has he been quiet?"

"Quiet enough. Where 'ave *you* been?"

"A lot of casualties from last night. Here 's some chocolate for you chaps, and I told them I had to have more water for my patient, so you can share this canteen. It 's the best I could do to-day."

Sergeant Harris divided the chocolate with strict impartiality, and passed it around. "Well, did you 'ear anything?"

"Only a few words in passing. Our fellows are edging in, I gather, and the garrison isn't too happy about it. From the way they attacked last night, they think there must be more Australians among the besieging troops. If only they knew how weak the Germans and Italians are, they 'd probably make an assault and take the place. But to get word to them——"

"You can't get through those lines!" Harris said flatly. "I 'd be the first to try if there was 'alf a chance."

"I don't mean that, Sergeant. But there must be other ways of getting word to them, some sign they couldn't mistake."

Lumsden and a man named Comrie had been staring at him. Comrie fairly exploded now, with the jangled nerves of long waiting. "Come out an' say what you 've got to say! If you don't trust us, 'oo do you trust? Something 's up, an' we 've a right to know what it is. If you was 'alf as pally with us as with the 'Uns an' the Eyeties——"

Sergeant Harris told the man, briefly, to shut up. "You 're eatin' the chocolate 'e pinched for us! What d 'you think 'd happen to 'im if 'e was caught? Now then, Mathers!"

"I haven't got it all straight in my mind yet, Sergeant. If you 'd give me an hour or so to think about it——"

Harris was as mystified as Comrie and the others, but he professed complete understanding. "I know just 'ow it is! You take your time, an' tell us when you 're ready."

"Thanks." His eyes twinkled behind the glasses. "After all, between troglodytes——"

"What 's a troglodyte?" Comrie demanded, suspicious.

"Well, you are."

"Now, see 'ere, Mathers——"

"Oh, but it 's just a fellow who lives in a cave!"

"Ho!" Comrie was only half-convinced, but he let the matter drop.

The man on the cot stirred and muttered, and Mathers went over to him at once. He dipped a cloth in a cup of water, wrung it out and tucked it deftly around the German's forehead. He looked at the bandages, pursed his lips and changed one of them. The muttering went on, and Sergeant Harris asked, "What 's 'e sayin'?"

"'*Vorwaerts, Preussen, immer vorwaerts!*' 'Forward, Prussia, always forward!' The rest 's just nonsense, incoherent."

"It beats me," said Comrie, still resentful, "'ow you come to know their lingo."

"I studied it at night school, before the war," the little man told him mildly.

"But what *for*? Ain't English good enough for you?"

"Well, I was teaching school then, and if I knew German I could get a better job. You have to keep on improving yourself. Besides, I still hoped to study medicine some day, and German would have been very useful there."

"Well, do the 'Uns know you can understand 'em?"

"Oh, no! That 's why I can sometimes pick up bits of news."

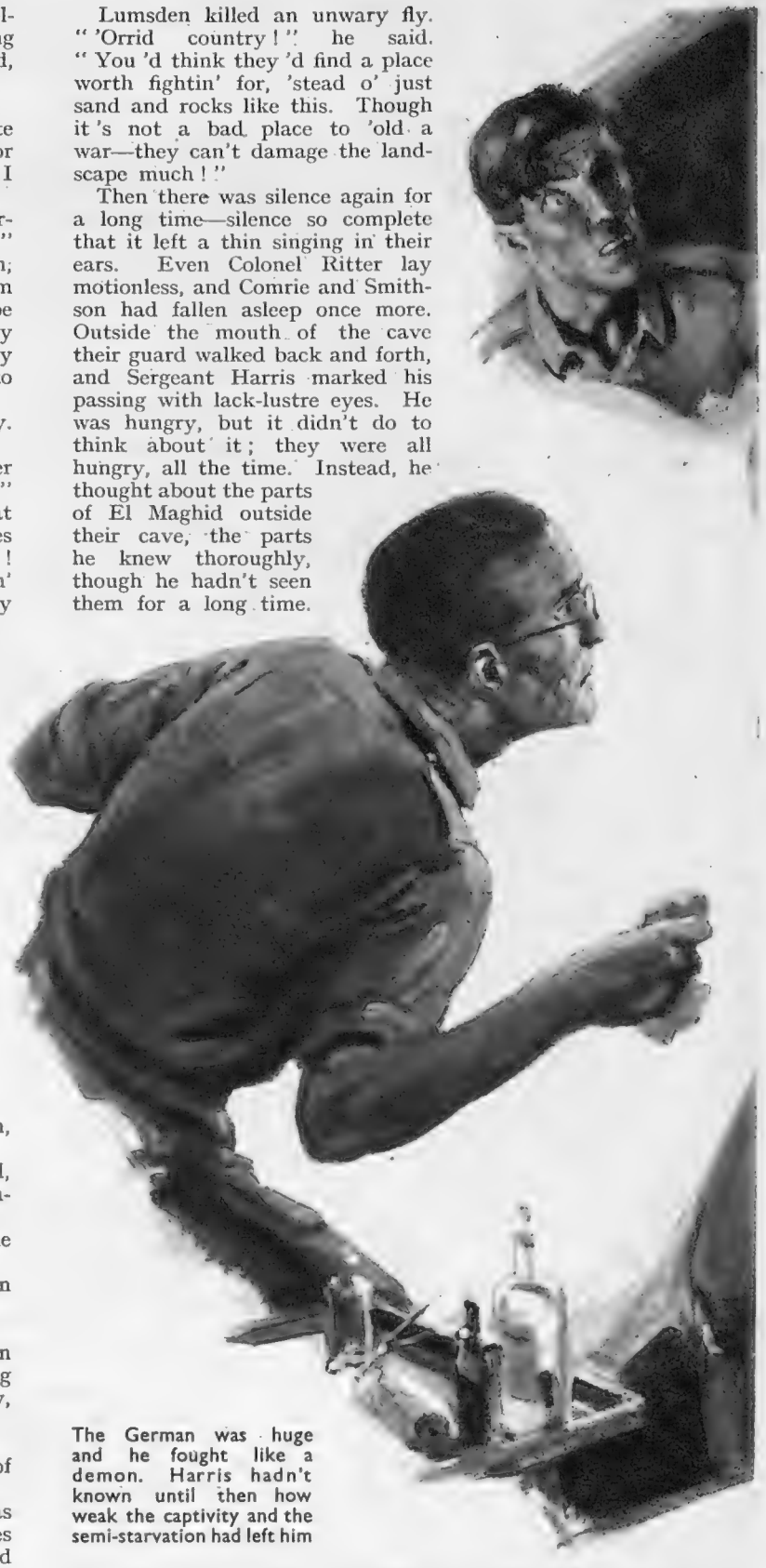
Comrie shook his head. Fishy, he thought it. Here was this Mathers, and if he 'd been any skinnier his spectacles would have fallen off. Acted like an old maid, and talked like a blooming professor. And yet, Mathers stood the galling captivity better than the rest of them. You 'd think he 'd have been the first to break and go to pieces, but he wasn't. Comrie didn't understand it. He recalled that, before their capture, Mathers had neither written nor received any letters. He didn't smoke, and he wasn't much of a one for a drop of beer, come pay-day. Most of the time you 'd find him with his nose in a book. "Improving himself," Comrie supposed.

AT El Maghid the hot afternoon passed very slowly. Comrie and a man named Smithson were asleep. They awoke as shell-fire rose in a sharp crescendo before dying again just as suddenly. "That 's field-guns," said Harris, nodding sagely. "Like as not, some Aussie 's 'ad a pint too much!"

Comrie stretched and yawned. "Reckon they don't know we 're 'ere, eh? Not that it matters. If they 'ad 'eavier stuff—'owitzers—they 'd do a better job. There it goes again."

Lumsden killed an unwary fly. "'Orrid country!" he said. "You 'd think they 'd find a place worth fightin' for, 'stead o' just sand and rocks like this. Though it 's not a bad place to 'old a war—they can't damage the landscape much!"

Then there was silence again for a long time—silence so complete that it left a thin singing in their ears. Even Colonel Ritter lay motionless, and Comrie and Smithson had fallen asleep once more. Outside the mouth of the cave their guard walked back and forth, and Sergeant Harris marked his passing with lack-lustre eyes. He was hungry, but it didn't do to think about it; they were all hungry, all the time. Instead, he thought about the parts of El Maghid outside their cave, the parts he knew thoroughly, though he hadn't seen them for a long time.



The German was huge and he fought like a demon. Harris hadn't known until then how weak the captivity and the semi-starvation had left him

He imagined the rocky slopes as scarred and blasted by bombs and bursting shells. Mathers said you could see the lines of the besieging forces quite plainly, but otherwise little was changed. There was the same desert to the south, the same sea to the north, the same merciless sun overhead. Yet the guns went on pounding away as if all that had been infinitely precious. Sergeant Harris didn't think the place was worth it. He would have traded it all for one acre of English earth, sodden with the February rain.

He was lost in his reverie, and he didn't notice Mathers until the little man sat down beside him. "I say, Sergeant," he began diffidently. "You know what we were talking about—about getting some sort of word to our fellows. I believe I 've thought of a way."

"You 'ave? What is it?"

"To blow up the ammunition-dump!"

It was lucky that the short-tempered Comrie was asleep! Even the Sergeant, usually a patient man, was exasperated

"You fool! Might as well say we ought to take 'em all prisoners 'ere an' give 'em over to our chaps bound 'and an' foot! Just *'ow* are we to blow up their ammunition-dump? Tell me that!"

"That's what I had to think about so long," Mathers admitted. "But I think I've got it now."

Harris stared at him. "You'd better tell me first," he said. "It's no good gettin' the others' 'opes up unless there's something to it. Come over 'ere, where we can talk alone."

They settled themselves against the rock of the cave-wall. Harris said, "Now, carry on."

There was always a didactic note in Mathers's voice, and it was marked now. "You heard my patient talking in delirium to-day? He often does that, and none of us is supposed to understand German. Wouldn't it be natural to call in the guard, to listen to what he says? Colonel Ritter's the highest-ranking officer they've got here, and they'd probably think it was important. So we call in the guard, and then——"

"What 's this got to do with the ammunition-dump ? "

"It 's the first step, and a risky one. We overpower the guard and take his uniform and equipment. We wait until dark before we begin all this, you see. The place is always blacked-out at night, and one of us could easily pass for a German soldier. I 've noticed that they carry grenades in their belts. The trick would be to slip down in disguise and pitch a grenade into the ammunition-dump. The whole thing goes sky-high, our chaps out yonder see that something 's up and make their attack. Then it 's just a matter of taking our chances for a few minutes. El Maghid will be taken, and we shan't be prisoners any longer. That is, if the plan works. We could rely upon a good deal of confusion among the Germans, I think."

That, said Harris, made one thing they could rely upon, anyway ! "I 'd risk tacklin' the guard, and I 'd take my chances for afterwards. But before you go pitchin' a grenade into the ammunition-dump, you 've got to know where the dump is. 'Adn't thought o' that, 'ad you ? "

"Oh, yes ! I know where it is."

The Sergeant gaped. "You do ? But 'ow ? "

"I nearly got shot finding out about it. I was looking for medical stores, and I blundered into this place quite by chance. There were a couple of Italians on guard. They got very excited, and began waving their rifles about and shouting. But then a German sergeant came along and told them to—well, to be quiet. He knew me, you see, and anyway, there 's a certain coolness between the Germans and the Italians. So that 's how I found out. The place is quite near the lines ; you can't miss it. It 's the last cave at the foot of the hill, due south-east of here, and the only one with barbed wire strung across its mouth. It 's a fairly shallow cave, too. If all the ammunition blows up, it will take the roof with it, I 'm quite certain. I remember wondering why they didn't find a safer place. It must be because they want the stuff as close to the lines as possible."

The burly Sergeant was still staring at him. "*You* see life ! " he ejaculated. "'Ere 's Comrie an' Lumsden an' that lot sayin' you was far too pally with the 'Uns for their taste, an' all the while you was foolin' 'em proper ! Besides cookin' up this scheme o' yours ! "

The precise little man flushed a painful red. "I never tried to curry favour with the Germans ! I 'm as loyal as the rest of you, I hope. It 's true that I 've done my best to bring Colonel Ritter around, but that 's because he is an unusual sort of case. I don't see a German or an Englishman ; I see a very sick man, and I do my best to heal him. You might not understand that, unless you were interested in medicine."

There was a sort of dignity about him that made the Sergeant oddly uncomfortable. He shook off that oppressive feeling, to return to realms he knew better. "It ain't a (*Continued on p.* 66)

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

He slid to the bottom of the hole, flattened himself there and waited, hearing shouts above him

A view from the air of the magnificent League of Nations' building at Geneva

The "To-day" Not To-morrow League

A New Geneva sounds distressingly like a New Jerusalem, but the arguments are all in favour of preparing a second attempt at a widespread Union now

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THE first League of Nations suffered throughout its twenty years of life from the bit by bit, on sufferance, launching, which was all it was accorded in 1919-20-21, vital years after the last war. I know that anything to do with building a new world while this war is still very much going on, has lost much of its appeal, but this happens to be a matter of laying intelligent, integrated foundations *now*, or the job of making the peace may be botched as it was last time, despite all our brave new words and hopes and charters.

The last effort at world union was conceived just about the period in the last war—late 1917—corresponding to the point we have reached in its successor. At that time, twenty-five years ago, four men had the idea of the future League firmly in their heads, and none of them was Woodrow Wilson, who was to earn the name of founder. The four original enthusiasts were Sir Robert Cecil, General Smuts, Léon Bourgeois, and Sir Eric Drummond. The Frenchman was the first in the field and he is the only one not still alive. Throughout 1918 and 1919 this quartet kept in touch, trying to hammer out codes and rules and covenants for the nations, a work in which they were encouraged and eventually submerged by President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George. But the interesting thing for us to note now, is that Europe was going to the deuce all through this period while the solitary League organism in actual being occupied a room or two in a mansion off Oxford Street.

Here sat Sir Eric Drummond with a tiny secretariat while Europe moved towards the dark vortex of 1921 from which it never really recovered. Here sat this pioneer Scotsman—now the Earl of Perth—planning for the future while the Americans —and not only the Americans—started laughing at him, and while an American, Herbert Hoover, strode the Continent doing the work which should have been the very first task of the new League following its inception: the relief and setting on its feet of crippled Europe. Hoover's Committee had that task which should have been a League international affair, and failure was the result. The various countries snatched, or struck out for themselves, bid against one another for supplies and raw materials, wrecked each other's currencies, took advantage one of the other, and got into a fine old mess for their pains.

Little or nothing was integrated in those crucial first years. Politics bore one way, practical reconstruction vainly sought another. Hardly a soul paid attention to the Labour Bureau opened at Geneva, or to the social services inaugurated at the same centre. It was mostly beautiful speech-making and interminable committee meetings, lobby intriguing and banqueting. I attended one Council meeting at Rome before ever the League Assembly met at all. It was in May, 1920, eighteen months and more after the Armistice, yet the only subject the nations could find suitable for discussion in a Europe rapidly sliding downhill, was whether Sweden or Finland should garrison the Aland Islands. Balfour, Bourgeois and the other bigwigs spent their time debating that on the spot where now meets Mussolini's Senate, the while the bulk of the international Press wrote in derision, and special interests were already lining up to get a hold on the League. We can do worse than remember some of this to-day, if only because we are told from the ends of the earth that this war will last six months more, a year, ten years, twenty. It may stop in astonishing manner, so we should be ready.

FOUR types did most to bring down the last League, and I should put them in this order: Very temporary statesmen; irresponsible journalists; "special interests"; cranks. The first went to Geneva usually to air their domestic politics. The second took every opportunity to shoot at the League, in conformity with the policies of their owners. The third haunted the corridors, hotels and bars, on the look-out for "pivotal" people with a view to buying these over to armament and other interests. The fourth did their best to drag Geneva down to the level of a spinster's Sunday-school affair. The greatest care will have to be taken with the next League so that the same sort of men—and women—do not get the upper hand again.

That brings the first question. Is there going to be another attempt at a League, and if so, how and when? A New Geneva? That sounds distressingly like a New Jerusalem. Besides, isn't Lake Geneva tarnished by the memory of a gigantic failure?

Here are some arguments why there *must* be a second attempt at widespread union though not necessarily on the world-wide scale attempted last time.

Nothing in the past will approach the conditions of Europe after Hitler has been stopped in his work of creating the New Order. The Nazis are turning the whole (*Continued on page* 50)

WAKE OF THE JACK

by NEGLEY

WE passing possessors of this good earth apparently take it for granted that Nature will repair all the shocking damage we have done to it. Well, Nature won't. There are now a lot of man-made deserts where there is no longer enough cover to hold or form the rains, and the forests will never come back again. There is nothing there to protect a second growth. These man-made wastelands are being made in Africa even to this day; and any one who has ever driven across that raw, red, sore space of earth around Kondoa, in Tanganyika, will for ever after shudder when he hears the word erosion said. Similarly, the " dust bowl " in the United States is a man-made job. I was in the Dakotas, once the fine prairies of the advancing America, where the Sioux Indians lived on the flanks of the great buffalo herds—and I was there in a tornado that was blowing the black " gumbo " soil across the United States until it actually fell like volcanic dust on steamers coming into New York.

" God never intended man to put a plough into this land ! " said a desperate farmer to me; " it was the railway companies that lured us out here, to plant cash crops, so that they would have plenty of short-haul freights. Now the Great God is taking his revenge upon us ! "

That was at a place called Dante, in South Dakota, a small prairie town populated almost entirely by Slovaks. And when I smiled at the man at the filling station, and cautiously asked him if he had ever heard of Dante's " Inferno," he said : " You're damn hooting, partner—this is it ! "

I watched the great Main Range of the Dakotas, for the first time in its history being cleared of all its great grazing herds. Cattle were being shipped off even as far down as Mexico, in search of grass. And ranchers were just driving off their barren lands, leaving most of their possessions, to find a new life somewhere else.

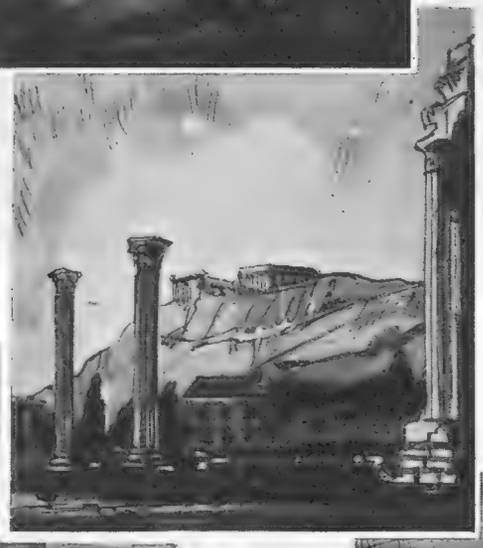
That is what I have watched Nature do.

STRICKEN Dante comes back to be as I think of Europe, Russia, and the Far East now, now that the jack boot is striding across them. But this time it isn't just the soil I'm thinking about; it is the lives that are blotted out as Hitler, the mechanised Attila, enslaves Europe, and the Japanese little men swarm like locusts to scourge the islands of the glorious East.

Theirs is not our sense of values. Britain may make mistakes in administration, although she is the kindest ruler that any foreign race ever knew. But Englishmen don't boast about the mangled remains of people " exploding in the air like a bouquet of red roses," as did Mussolini's son of his bomb escapades in Abyssinia; neither do they drop people alive from aeroplanes, as Graziani did with brave Senussi chiefs. Nor would Englishmen, under any provocation, set out to exterminate a nation's cultural life, as the Nazis are deliberately trying to do with the gallant Poles.

We don't go in for these things; yet we have been inclined to boast so much about our " goodness," under the democracies, that we have neglected to keep ourselves fit to take on the toughs who do go in for them. We now know we were soft. We were a good deal like that famous old boxing idol James Jeffries, who went fishing instead of punching his sparring partners, to get himself hard to retain his world championship against Jack Johnson, at Reno, when all his friends almost wept as they tried to warn him that he could not go on, skidding on the momentum of his former victories. When an old journalist colleague of mine returned from Rome just before Mussolini launched his Abyssinian adventure he told me that the chief thing that gave the Duce enough guts to do it was the fact that all the high Fascists firmly believed that old England was decadent.

I would have laughed at him, had I not spent two months previously in the Slovenian Alps at a mountain chalet where an old veteran diplomat of the Austrian service, who had been accredited to the Court of St. James when Queen Victoria was on the throne, repeatedly said to me: "I can



understand the England of John Galsworthy—but I cannot understand the England of Aldous Huxley."

"You mean," I asked, "that she is decadent?"

"Yes. Her statesmen are too fond of office, of their own careers. And they are phrase-makers, *par excellence*. They are no longer men of action, they talk too much."

Well, it was a rude awakening. But there is still too much talk. Wise Churchill is silent because he does not wish his own rhetoric to turn on him, I think.

We are still dozing over a compotent comprehension of the accomplished facts. This leads to a lack of realism. Perhaps we need the invasion psychology to return to it, for we certainly got somewhere near realism immediately following the miracle of Dunkirk. Then we had a relapse.

On a convoy going up to Russia I was struck by the state of mind of a young Norwegian boy who had just escaped from the Nazis. He seemed to discuss Norwegian youths' gyroscopic push-back against the Nazis' attack on their mentality with as much realistic awareness of the tangible details of the battle as would two Englishmen talking over the fine points of a cricket match. To break every Nazi-made law was the self-appointed aim of every Norwegian boy or girl. No matter how trivial it was—break it. "By breaking small regulations we get the courage to break bigger ones." Law breaking became an adventure. And by breaking the minor restrictions the Nazis had placed on Norwegian life they acquired the courage to break the biggest ones.

Norwegian youths believed, for example, that ski-fighting would one day play a vital part in the eventual liberation of their homeland; very well then, train for it. From one institution whose name he gave me (because I already knew some of its major activities) over a thousand boys and girls disappeared into the mountains every weekend with a rucksack loaded with forty pounds on their backs. "That was to toughen us." That was one hundred per cent illegal, also. So, to escape being picked up by the police at the very outset of these patriotic excursions they left the city in groups of four. "Steal from the Germans!" became their slogan. Ultimate illegality, and theft, was to steal a boat that had been commandeered by the Nazis—and escape to England.

This he and some other bold Norwegians had done, helped by a village of coastal fishermen. He told me, with great satisfaction that at the time he made his successful get-away about 1,000 Norwegians a month were escaping to England, and that they were the youngest Free Nation in Britain, their average age being between 18 and 30—also that Free Norway was financially independent of British help because of the returns from their shipping, the bulk of whose 4,000,000 tons was on the high seas when the Nazis took Oslo and Bergen—and whose skippers did not bring their ships back in obedience to Nazi-controlled Oslo Radio.

But more important than anything else that he told me, in those long talks during the three icy weeks we were on the sea route to Molotovsk, was about the thought-processes of Norwegian Youth. Young Norwegians, he said, were banding themselves together mentally, so that they might acquire a *common consciousness* that should be concentrated upon finding some ideas and ideals for the future—the New Norway. This was not discussion about personal safety or even material welfare; the aim of Norwegian Youth—under the Nazis—was to find a way of life that could be incorporated in some new form of government. Obviously, Norwegian Youth had been definitely affected by some of the efficient unity they had witnessed on the part of the Nazis; and they were not encouraged by the muddle of the democracies: France, England and America.

"Young people," he said, in his queer singing tones, "will take no pride in living, have no

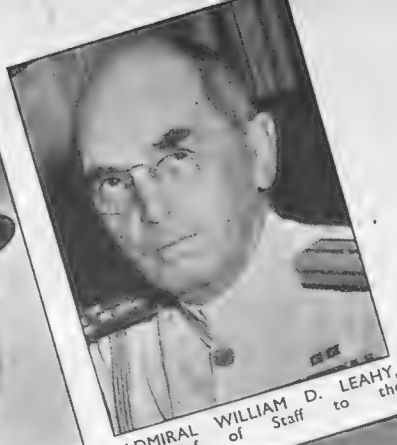
(*Continued on page 62*)

BOOT

FARSON

Decoration by J. Nicolson

ADMIRAL JOSEPH KING will soon command the world's biggest navy



ADMIRAL WILLIAM D. LEAHY, Chief of Staff to the President

ED. STETTINIUS is raw materials tsar for America's War Production

DON NELSON, responsible for weapons, equipment, munitions, clothes and machines

These Men Run America

Wartime America is not run by its Cabinet, but by a few little-known men whose programme and decisions dominate American life to-day

By C. Patrick Thompson

"WE regret we must fail Mr. Bill Smith. For while displaying remarkable memorising powers—he names all the members of President Roosevelt's Cabinet in the period of the Global War, a feat beyond ninety-nine per cent of students even in those times, we believe—he clearly lacks in practical intelligence, and a sense of political reality, as he is evidently unaware that real power in those times was exercised by men outside the President's official cabinet. . . ."

Extract from the examining board's report on a student of A.D. 2042 with special reference to America's part in the Global War which began for China in 1937, for Britain in 1939, for America in 1941—and which some say began with the social lesion of the Red revolution in 1917, and others say began with the Spanish Civil War.

Have that any way you like, the fact remains that the fate of mankind ultimately rests at this time on a small group of men gathered around a dynamic political wizard named Franklin Roosevelt, who fortuitously disposes of the lives and labours of some 130,000,000 Americans inhabiting the world's richest and most fully developed industrial and agricultural state. And they are not members of his official cabinet family.

Meet the warrior trio first.

You will find them, periodically, around a table in the big room in Washington which is the private office of the combined chiefs of staff—the High Command of the United Nations. There are a couple of Britons there, an admiral and a general, and sundry other war chiefs from time to time; but our portraits here are confined to the Americans, and at first glance, you might take them for brothers, if not triplets: for they're all lean, stringy, hard-bitten, elderly, stern-faced professionals, with wise eyes and fleeting smiles which never soften the underlying toughness of their dour faces.

ADMIRAL LEAHY, Chief of Staff to Commander-in-Chief Roosevelt, comes first: that rare phenomenon, a diplomatic and discreet sailor. This sixty-seven years old Iowan grew up with the Navy from its timber to its steel age. From command of transports and destroyers, he passed to command the battle fleet itself, and plan whole fleet strategy and tactics as chief of naval operations. A most unusual sailor.

For one thing, after being blooded in the Spanish-American War, he went back to his old naval college to instruct in physics and chemistry. Not all admirals are so

GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL, Uncle Sam's General Number One, and MR. HARRY HOPKINS who is Lease-Lend chief

intellectual. For another thing, although not a professional diplomat, he was sent by Roosevelt to function as U.S. Ambassador to Vichy France in the autumn of 1940; and history will record that he did a brilliant job in persuading old Petain that Britain wasn't going to be vanquished, and Petain had better think again and not collaborate totally with the impressive-looking Nazi chieftain.

Leahy didn't like that job, but it was a duty, and he did his best. He took the greatest blow of his life in that duty action—he lost his wife, who fell ill in France, and died following an operation.

(*Continued on page* 60)

LEON HENDERSON, head of the Office of Price Administration and in charge of rationing

ELMER DAVIS, the voice of America, head of the Office of War Information

HENRY A. WALLACE, Vice-President and head of Economic Warfare Department

Farewell Performance

He Saw in His Last Commission the Irony of Fate—but Fate was not Unkind

By Edward Cranston

"A nice farewell performance for you, Jimmy—dive-bombing of our old friends here." His finger rested lightly on a well-thumbed portion of the chart

JIMMY MANTLE twisted a little in the cockpit of his Skua and looked over the side of the fuselage at the black spot on the calm blue water thousands of feet below him. With any luck he would be just in time for a sherry before dinner. He remembered that Toby, the leader of "B" flight, owed him a drink. Poor old Toby—he was a good pilot but he could not play poker. Jimmy grinned in anticipation as he throttled back and eased the Skua into a shallow dive down towards the carrier. As the black spot grew gradually larger, he found himself thinking of Joan, his wife. He never allowed himself to think of her on the way out to an attack—only when it was all over. He had a private superstition about it.

Now his memory slid back over two years of war to the little cottage in Sussex and the stream that flashed and sparkled its way across the foot of the garden to the valley beyond. They had sat together listening to the stream's music on that August evening, so long ago. And then the next morning he had caught a train for the north. Joan had come to see him off at the station and they had told each other that there would be no war; each had known that the other was lying. He could see her face as she stood on tiptoe in front of the carriage window, as if it were only yesterday. She had joked about him travelling first class because he was in uniform and he knew that she had never been nearer to tears. Well, it was a long time ago now. With any luck he would be going home soon. He pulled back the control column and centred his rudder. The flight deck came up to meet him and his wheels touched gently in a perfect landing.

JIMMY MANTLE walked into the wardroom and glanced at the clock. Seven-fifteen—just the right time for that sherry.

"Where's Toby?" he asked. "I'm thirsty!"

No one answered. Jimmy was suddenly conscious of their embarrassment and of the reason for it. His voice, a little unsteady, broke the unnatural silence.

"Is he——?"

The senior observer nodded and raised his right hand, the thumb pointing downwards.

"What is it, Jimmy," he asked, "whisky?"

Jimmy Mantle nodded. He had liked old Toby. It was a hell of a life, he thought.

THE captain rose from his chair as the cabin door opened.

"Sit down, Mantle," he said.

Jimmy lowered himself carefully into one of the blue leather armchairs and tried to remember what sins he had committed during the past twenty-four hours. But the old man was smiling and offering him a cigarette. Jimmy knew that they were probably stale, as the skipper never smoked himself and only kept cigarettes for visitors. He selected one carefully and lit it.

"You're going home," said the captain. "I shall be sorry to lose you but I think you've done your fair share for a bit. Let me see now, it's four Capronis, three Savoias and a couple of Me.s altogether, isn't it?"

Jimmy grinned. "And a nice, fat troop carrier yesterday," he said.

The captain laughed.

"That's enough for any one to be going on with—you'll leave the ship next time we return to harbour and go home by sea. Good luck to you and give my love to the Eddystone when you see it!"

Jimmy left the cabin as if he was treading on air. Home! That meant Joan, the cottage and peace. He ran along to the wardroom flat to his cabin. He must send a cable. He sat down at

the desk and began to write. The cable finished, he leant back in his chair and stared out of the scuttle at the blue sky flecked with white. For the first time in nearly two years he admitted to himself how tired he was.

THE paymaster-commander climbed the last ladder to the bridge and saluted the captain.

"A message addressed to us, sir. I've just deciphered it!" The captain took the slip of pink paper and held it so that the faint light from the compass bowl shone on the pencilled words. It was late evening and dusk was falling. When he had finished reading, he turned to the officer of the watch.

"I want all Skuas bombed up and ranged on deck as soon as possible!"

Jimmy Mantle sat in the pilots' room beneath the bridge, smoking a cigarette. Other fighter pilots were sitting about on benches or lying on tables. Outside on the flight deck the Skuas were ranged in formation, their engines gently idling, while riggers and fitters swarmed round them attending to last-minute details. The last machine reached the deck level and was pushing forward off the hangar lift, while the ground crew swung the folding wings into position.

The senior observer opened the door of the pilot's room and stepped inside. Under his arm was a folded chart. He walked over to the table and spread it out.

"A nice farewell performance for you, Jimmy—dive bombing of our old friends here!"

His finger rested lightly on a well-thumbed portion of the chart.

"The only difference is that this time they've got a battleship and a cruiser alongside the mole."

"Nice work if you can get it!" said one of the pilots.

Jimmy grinned. "We'll get it all right—this'll be something to tell the old folks!"

The observer took a sheaf of notes from his pocket.

"Here's what our recco boys have got to say about it. The primary target is the battleship at the southern end of the mole. Secondary target, the cruiser. They've apparently increased their flak defences since our last visit, so watch out for them! And, of course, the ships themselves will have a pretty formidable A.A. armament.

"Now, here are your orders—you will take off at 23.00 hours and commence the attack at 23.45——"

The pilots gathered round, listening intently as the observer gave detailed instructions for the attack.

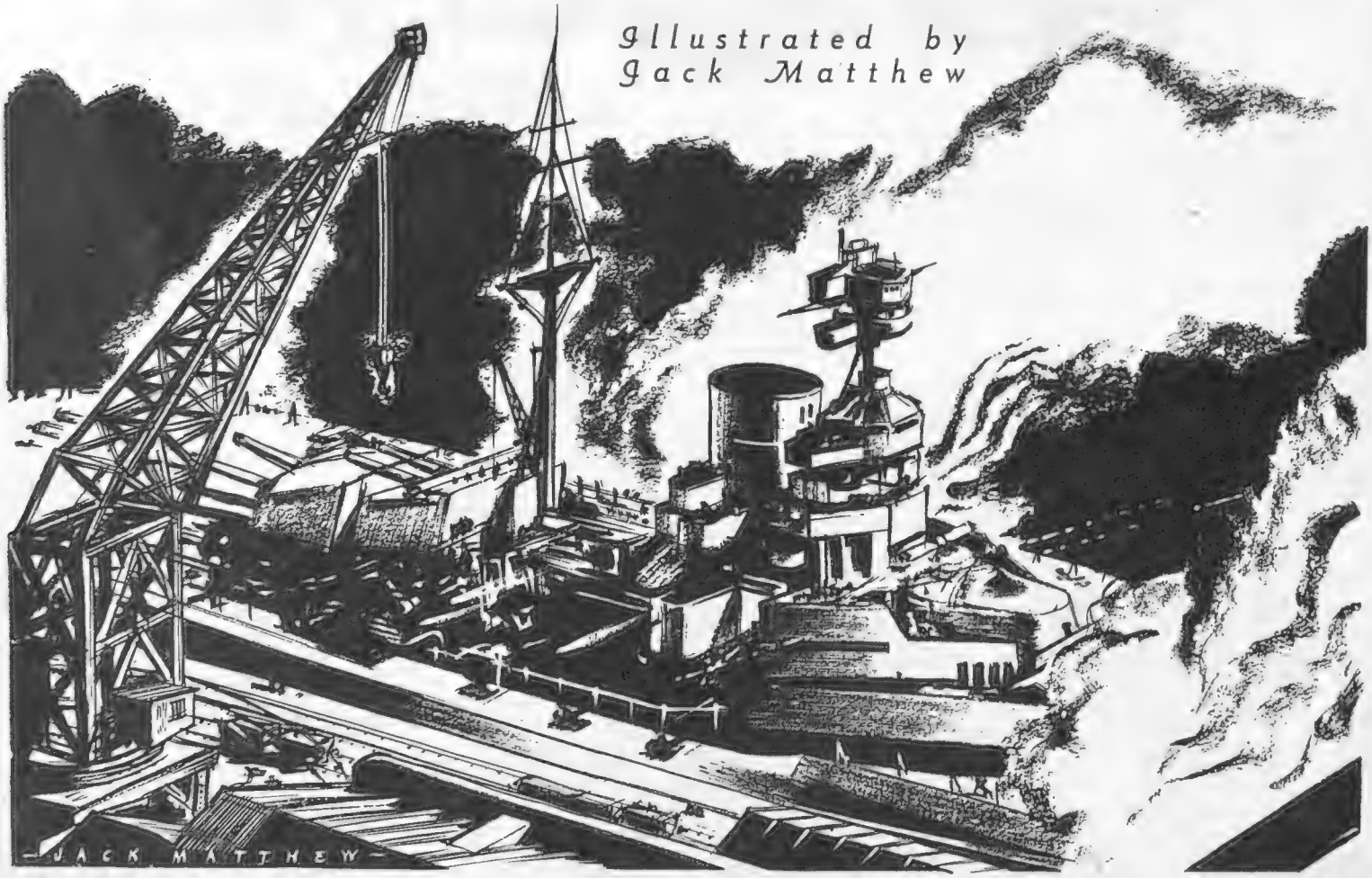
JIMMY pushed the throttle open and waved to his mechanics to pull the chocks clear. His Skua surged forward along the flight deck and he eased the control column slightly forward. The tail lifted and he felt the machine rise. Above him were the other two members of his flight circling round, waiting to take up formation. He climbed steeply, banking away from the carrier, and watched them as they closed in on either side of him. The three machines flew twice round the carrier, waiting for the last flight to take off, and then steadied on the course which led to the target.

They were flying at twelve thousand feet. Except for the roar of the engines, everything was very still and quiet. Jimmy glanced round at the other machines. He felt sorry for the battleship. Automatically he began to visualise the attack. With any luck there would be a fire or two to guide him, by the time he dived. If the cruiser was near enough he would give her a burst from his machine gun after he had dropped his bombs on the battleship. He grinned at the thought. The Italians did not like machine guns. It was odd to think that this was his last show with the squadron. He was sorry now, all his weariness forgotten. They were a good lot and they had certainly had some fun together. He was sorry, about Toby, though. Joan would be sorry, too. Toby had been at their wedding. He could see his face now as he held the sword high over their heads outside the church. Yes, he was going to hate telling Joan about Toby. He checked his thoughts abruptly. Mustn't think about Joan now. Time enough for that when it was all over. He glanced down at the clock on the instrument panel. Ten minutes more and they would be over the target. He looked out ahead at the pale grey of the sky. They should see the coast at any moment now. He checked over the bomb switches with his left hand and noted the reading of the petrol gauge. All O.K. There was the coast! A thin, black line on the horizon gradually growing clearer until he could distinguish the squat shapes of oil tanks and the mass of gaunt cranes making the dockyard. And behind it all he could see something else. A flashing stream running across the bottom of a garden.

"Hell!" he whispered. "I'm actually nervous!"

THE first two flights had gone in. Jimmy watched them shoot downwards like the birds whose name they bore, diving towards their prey. The recco boys had been right. He could see the H.E. shells bursting far below him and the streams of tracers rushing up to meet the bombers. They were pulling out of the dive now. It was his turn. As he pushed the stick forward and opened the

Illustrated by Jack Matthew



throttle in a full power dive he saw a great sheet of flame fan outwards from the battleship. Someone had got a hit anyway. He decided to drop his bombs in the middle of that blazing inferno. The air rushed past him and his ears sang, blotting out the scream of the engine. He'd be within range of the ack-ack in a second or two. He set his teeth and his fingers rested lightly on the bomb release lever as he dived down into the mouth of a red hell of fire. His machine rocked as a shell burst just ahead of him. He heard pieces of shrapnel whistling past his cockpit and felt the stick jerk in his hands as one of the ailerons was hit. The needle of the altimeter was flashing round the dial, striving to register the rapidity of the dive. Two thousand feet—one thousand five hundred—a thousand! Here was the tracer now! Angry red fingers clawing up from the ground to tear him from the sky. The machine rocked again as pom-pom shells began to burst all round it. Jimmy gripped the stick and wrenched the nose back on to the target! He felt a sharp, searing pain in his left arm as he pulled the bomb lever, and then he was forcing the stick back towards his stomach, pulling out of the dive. He caught a brief kaleidoscopic glimpse of the grey decks and tall funnels of the cruiser as the nose came up and his thumb stabbed at the firing button. Another vivid, momentary picture of men throwing themselves flat beside their guns, and then the ground dropped away from him as he flung the Skua into a steep, climbing turn.

Jimmy knew he wouldn't get back. He knew as soon as he heard the uneven note in the engine and saw the blood oozing from under his left cuff. Still, he might as well try. No point in giving in before he had to. He was flying at just over seven thousand feet and the control column felt like lead in his hands. He estimated he was losing roughly three hundred feet every minute. No, he hadn't a hope of making it. There was no sign of the rest of the squadron. They must be miles ahead of him by now. He had a strange sense of unreality. Flying in a plane that couldn't last half an hour.

The engine faltered and the nose dropped a little. He pulled back on the stick and frowned at the sluggish response. Their flak must have been more accurate than he had thought. The right aileron was almost useless and part of the tail elevators must have been shot away. The engine spluttered again. He began to think about Joan. It was all right to do that now, now that the attack was over. Of course, he was due to go home by the next boat. They probably wouldn't send his cable now and Joan would never know how near she had been to seeing him.

His arm was hurting like hell and there was a confused buzzing noise in his head. He hoped Joan would stay on at the cottage. He could remember her sitting there by the stream. It would be a pity not to see the cottage again. His head cleared for a moment. What the hell had he been thinking about? Of course he would see it again.

He tightened his grasp on the stick and looked down at the altimeter. Three thousand feet . . . . the engine spluttered again and he felt the machine tilt forward. He switched off the engine and let her glide. He'd make a good pancake landing anyway. The water was coming up to meet him, smooth, glassy and impersonal.

Over the inter-comm. he heard his gunner's voice: "Nice day for a swim, skipper!"

The aircraft hit the surface and he pulled the release lever of the rubber dinghy.

JOAN MANTLE stood on the platform at Waterloo waiting for the Portsmouth train. In her hand she held two cables and a telegram. One cable and the telegram were from Jimmy, the former telling her that he was coming home, the latter, sent off that morning, asking her to meet his train. The (*Continued on page* 53)

He caught a brief kaleidoscopic glimpse of the grey decks and tall funnels of the cruiser as the nose came up and his thumb stabbed at the firing button

Bridges Where Romance Still Lingers

By C. Lovett Turner

IN the good old days, before petrol became the price of victory, we were apt to grow sentimental when our tour took us over the ancient roads of England. We thought of Chaucer's pilgrims cheerfully plodding down the well-worn path to Canterbury, or the tribal flocks of the early British people being driven along the Ridgeway to Norfolk,

A bridge at Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts. This is one of the few bridges left that has a small chapel built on it

The thirteenth-century bridge at Monmouth over the River Monnow showing its grim fortified gateway

over the Hampshire Downs. Watling Street and the Great North Road both reminded us of flashing helmets and brazen shields as the Roman legionaries marched along them nearly two thousand years ago. But for sheer romance and legend we have to look to our bridges that are so plentifully sprinkled along the roads today.

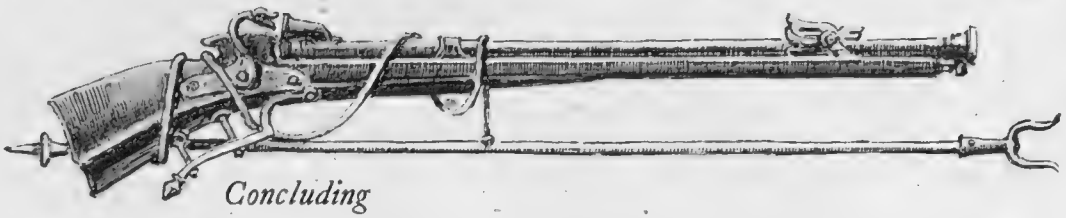
Pons Sublicius—the bridge so heroically defended by Horatius and which awakened our martial spirit when at school, even if it confused our memory. Al-Sirat, the Mohammedan bridge no wider than the edge of a sword, over which all must pass on their journey to Paradise. The Bridge of Gold which Charlemagne's spirit visits when blessing the vineyards and cornfields around the River Rhine. That pathetic bridge, so rightly named the Bridge of Sighs, that echoed to the footsteps of prisoners when passing from the Doge's Palace in Venice to their execution, as well as the old Waterloo Bridge where Hood's " unfortunates " so often tried to end their misery by throwing themselves in the River Thames.

With our characteristic vagueness that connects anything we do not understand with the inventive mind of the devil, the origin of many of our bridges has been credited to the work of that astute busybody. There is a bridge at Aberystwyth, in Wales, that is typical of these devil legends. Wandering in the guise of a monk, the devil found an old woman bewailing the loss of her cow that had crossed the river and refused to return. The devil sympathised and offered to build her a bridge on condition that the first living thing to cross it should belong to him. The old woman agreed, but being Welsh and naturally shrewd noticed that he wore no cross on his breast, and that his knee-caps were on the wrong side of his legs, and doubted the kindness of his offer. She tested him by throwing a crust of bread across first, and a nearby dog chasing the titbit, found himself in the clutches of the devil who, luckily for the dog, then theatrically disappeared in a cloud of smoke and sulphur. A similar legend lingers round a bridge at Kirkby Lonsdale, in Westmorland, though in this case a fowl usurped the principal part in the diplomatic undoing of " the devil and all his works."

An old dictum that must have influenced many people in the Middle Ages says : '" Of all the workys in this world that ever was wrought, Holy Church is chefe, another blessed business is brigges to make," for the Church was a great bridge builder, and many devout people gave, or left, money in their wills for that purpose. The Church also persuaded penitents to build a bridge to atone for their (*Continued on page* 63)

(*Top right*) The old bridge and ford at Wellow, Somerset. This ford was used by the Duke of Monmouth's troops during their retreat to Norton St. Phillip. (*Right*) Stopham bridge, over the River Arun in Sussex. A fine fourteenth-century bridge with indications of Norman work in the solid masonry and semi-circular arches

Old Tales Re-told



Concluding

The Trials and Triumphs of Christopher Columbus, *Discoverer of the New World*

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

NOW our story takes a different turn. Columbus's beautiful dream of conquest by kindness and of educating these children of nature to a better standard of living was completely shattered by the brutality of his officers. The peaceful atmosphere of the island, which he had been so anxious to preserve, was destroyed by selfish officials who required a stronger hand than his to keep them under control.

The capture of Caonabo, instead of subduing the natives, had so embittered them that the whole of Hispaniola was in open revolt. De Hoyeda's mounted soldiers had already slaughtered hundreds. In addition to fire-arms, they had employed ferocious mastiffs which tore the naked Indians limb from limb. It was largely the horror of this spectacle which contributed to the cessation of resistance.

Meanwhile, in Spain the craze for gold was growing madly. Everyone, from the Court downwards who had invested money in the expedition expected to make an immediate fortune. Columbus's humanitarian attitude was criticised as foolish weakness. Gold could not be obtained without slave labour, and slaves would not toil their hardest without the lash of the whip. Pressure from high places and the risk of incurring the displeasure of the Court began at last to tell on the Admiral, and he gave way. New laws were established; taxation was levied on every native over the age of fourteen; recruiting of forced labour came into being, together with its corollaries of persecution, punishment, oppression and spoliation. These burdens proved so intolerable that the natives went on hunger-strike. They burned their fields, destroyed their villages and ran away to perish by famine among the distant mountains. In this way died the faithful cacique Guacanacary. But some form of booty had to be sent home, so Antonio de Tozza put 500 prisoners into four ships and dispatched them for distribution as slaves. Thirty more accompanied Columbus when, in the summer of 1496, he returned to Spain

This voyage was marked by a horrible episode. Owing to bad weather, the crossing lasted much longer than had been anticipated, and food ran short to an alarming degree. On June 7 the crew decided to kill and cook the slaves, before hunger made them too thin.

Columbus was horrified at such a proposal. He opposed it with all his

De Hoyeda's mounted soldiers had already slaughtered hundreds. In addition to fire-arms, they had employed ferocious mastiffs which tore the naked Indians limb from limb. It was largely the horror of this spectacle which contributed to the cessation of resistance

might, but all arguments in favour of human decency failed. It was only when he pointed out that the slaves were crown property and could not be touched without their Majesties' consent that he managed to avert the attempted cannibalism.

When he arrived at Court, he found the atmosphere rife with intrigue and jealousy. There were certain people in favour of getting rid of the Admiral himself. The amount of gold he had obtained was considered unsatisfactory. Malignant whispers had found a ready ear in King Ferdinand, who did not share the admiration felt for Columbus by the Queen. It was therefore decided that a reliable man should be sent to Hispaniola to investigate and report. For this unpleasant and delicate task the Queen chose Juan Aguado, a man who owed everything to Columbus's recommendation.

As soon as he reached the island, empowered with the authority of a Crown official, he assume the arrogance of an inquisitor. His high-handed behaviour gave everyone the impression that the Admiral had been virtually deposed and that he himself was master of the colony.

Under these circumstances, anyone who had a grievance against Columbus voiced it at once in order to gain favour with the powerful newcomer. So it transpired that a voluminous Act of Accusation was drawn up against *him*, instead of against the real persons responsible for the disorders.

On arriving at the settlement of Isabella, Columbus found that his former friend and protégé had changed into a public prosecutor. Aguado hoped that the Admiral's quick temper would give him the opportunity of adding to the alleged crimes—that of rebellion against a Court decree. But he was bitterly disappointed. Columbus knew well what to expect from this treacherous man, and he answered the cross-examination with clarity and calmness, adding that he was quite willing to go back to Spain and appear before a royal tribunal.

Aguado accepted this offer.

In the harbour lay a fleet of vessels manned by the worst ruffians available, specially chosen to escort him. But suddenly a terrific hurricane sprang up, smashing the ships to matchwood. Three of them sank and the crews were all drowned. The only ship that escaped without damage was the *Nina*, Columbus's own flagship.

One day she took him to a desolate spot near the River Hayna and showed him a hoard of gold richer than any he had ever seen. As he knelt there, with the glittering dust running through his fingers, he could hardly believe his eyes

Was this mere coincidence? Or a sign from heaven?

Whatever the meaning, it was clear that no departure could now take place until at least one ship had been built out of the wreckage of the three.

IT was during this period that a romantic incident took place which broke the sequence of distressing events.

On board the *Nina* was a man called Miguel Diaz, as handsome as he was hot-tempered. For some trivial reason he had quarrelled with one of his shipmates and wounded him rather badly. In order to escape punishment, he ran away, taking with him five others who had been involved in the affair.

Eventually, they reached a native village along the southern coast. Brought before the cacique of the settlement they received a pleasant shock. The cacique proved to be a young *woman*, of remarkable beauty. She received them with enthusiasm instead of displeasure, and showered hospitality upon them. The susceptible Miguel could not take his eyes from her dark-skinned perfection; while she, with the natural spontaneity of her race, did not attempt to disguise the excitement which his good looks produced in her.

After a few days spent continuously in each other's company, they were both so inflamed that Miguel proposed marriage and was accepted. The fair cacique made a public announcement of her intention to give the tribe a Spanish prince consort. The ceremony was celebrated with all the dances, banquets and festivities proper to the occasion, after which they departed for their honeymoon.

After a certain lapse of time, Miguel began to feel the pangs of home-sickness.

But he was a deserter. The punishment which awaited him if he returned was heavy. His bride began to fear she might lose him; so, with the acumen instinctive in her sex, she suggested to him a plan for gaining the Admiral's favour. She knew well the Spaniards' craving for gold, and one day she took him to a desolate spot near the River Hayna and showed him a hoard of gold richer than any he had ever seen. As he knelt there, with the glittering dust running through his fingers, he could hardly believe his eyes.

Such a find emboldened him to go to see the Admiral.

His wife's idea had been a brilliant one, for with such news he was more than welcome. Columbus went with him personally to inspect the treasure. Arrived on the spot, he perceived signs of previous workings and came to the conclusion that he had found the famous ancient mines of Ophir from which King Solomon had derived his riches. (He still believed that he was on the Asiatic coast.) Miguel Diaz was pardoned and allowed to remain as the lawful husband of the cacique, on condition that she would consent to be properly baptised. She was so much in love that she would have agreed to anything. After this, there was no happier couple in the world.

Two children were born to them, and they sealed even more the only decent and beautiful alliance between the Old and the New World.

THE return of Columbus to Spain this time did not arouse any notable enthusiasm. Too many people had counted on becoming rich the moment they set foot in the new colony, and coming home thoroughly disillusioned they had spread their discontent all over the country.

Aguado, who had returned on a different vessel at the same time as Columbus, had sent his official report to the Court. However, when their Majesties summoned the Admiral into their presence, they made no mention of any accusation. On the contrary, they received him with kindness and affability. But it was noticeable that King Ferdinand showed no inclination to sponsor any more expeditions. An alliance between Spain and France was absorbing all his attention and involving the bulk of the Spanish mercantile marine.

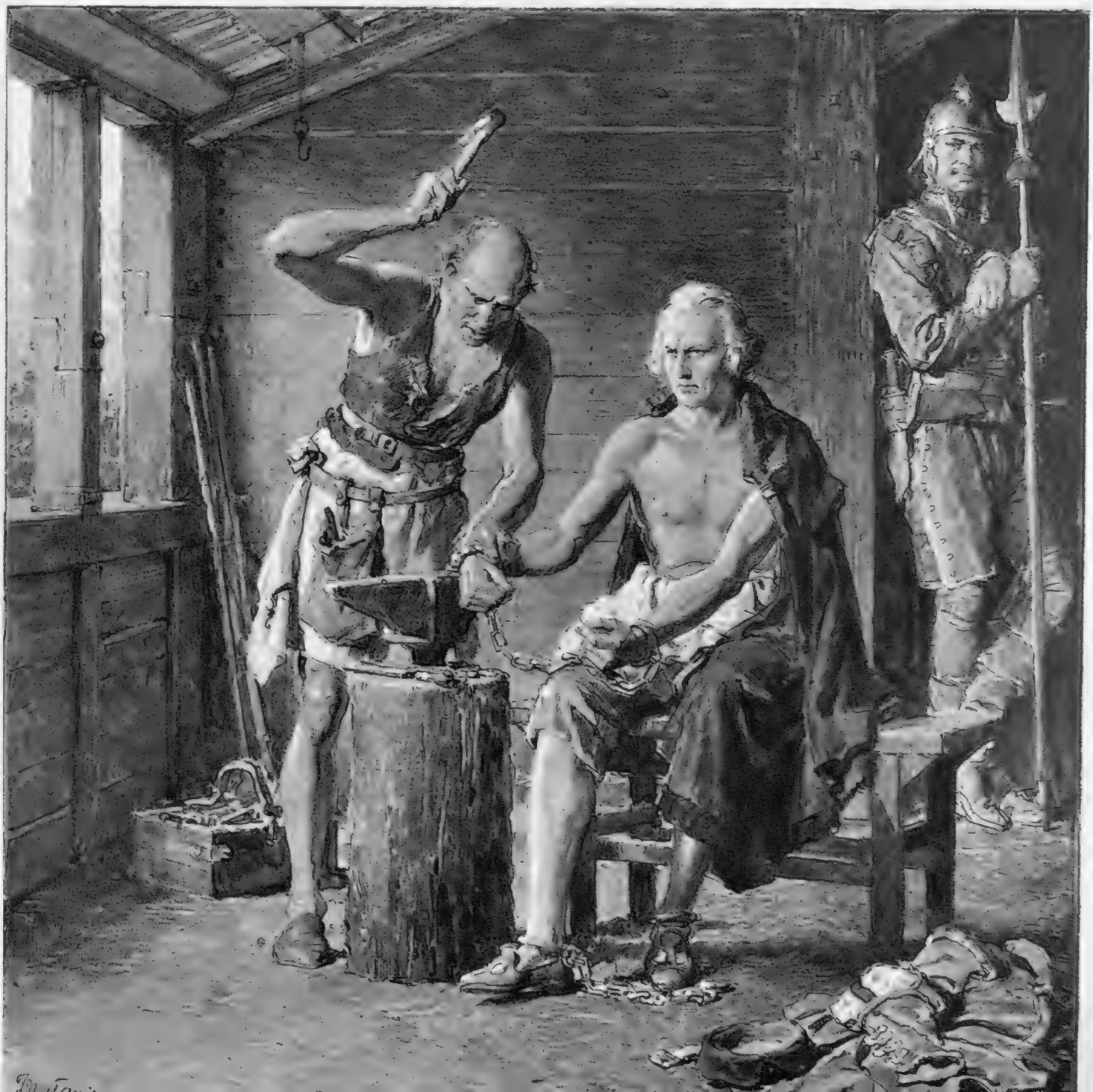
A whole year elapsed while Columbus awaited the goodwill of the Court, and the only sign they gave of wishing to encourage exploration was the permitting of personal enterprise.

Then, at last, they consented to give him a grant of £7500 for a new expedition. This seemed too good to be true, as indeed it was, for at the last moment they changed their minds and recalled the money for armaments.

Eventually, however, he was able to prepare six ships. In May 1498 he left Spain for the third time. Three of the ships went to Hispaniola, where his brother had been left in charge, and with the others he set out towards the Equator in search of the mainland of Asia.

He encountered such terrific heat that the tar melted from the seams of the

Columbus was arrested and taken to the fort, where chains were riveted to his wrists and ankles



ships, and he was forced to change course for the westward. A few days later shortage of drinking water caused him to change course again, this time towards the north. On August 1 land was sighted. It proved to be a new island, with towering peaks, which inspired Columbus to call it Trinidad. He was not to know, when exploring the Gulf of Paria, that he was actually within the immense continent of South America. From there he might have discovered that there was another ocean between him and Asia.

He had under-estimated the circumference of the earth. But the greatness of his work is not diminished by this mistake.

Had his mind been at peace about the state of affairs in Hispaniola, he would probably have continued his explorations, but he was in a hurry to return there.

His fears were not unfounded, for during his absence disorders and rebellion had broken out again. The settlement was in such chaos that Bartolomeo and Diego had had to entrench themselves in their fortified headquarters in order to avoid falling into the hands of the murderous Roldan.

This man had been recommended for his post by Columbus, but instead of carrying out his duties, he had mutinied, together with a pack of malcontents, and was now plotting to kill the Admiral and his two brothers and incite the native population against the local authorities. Such treachery incensed Columbus to such an extent that he decided for the first time to make an example of the malefactors. Supported by only ten faithful men, he attacked the outlaws and captured most of them. Bartolomeo managed to catch the rest. Seven of them were hanged and their bodies left on the gallows as a warning.

While all this was going on, a ship arrived from Spain carrying a magistrate empowered by royal decree to administer the law. Two years previously Columbus had urged the Queen to send him. His name was Francisco de Bobadilla.

He kept the chains that had fettered his hands and ankles hanging on the wall of his room

When he landed, he did not even bother to pay a visit to the Admiral, who was at the fort of La Concepcion, but went straight to Columbus's residence and occupied it, confiscating all his property, including his papers. He then, to the amazement of the whole colony, issued the following announcement:

By royal decree he, Francisco de Bobadilla, was empowered to take civil and criminal proceedings and inflict punishment at his discretion. Further, he was entrusted with the government of the island. The Admiral, no longer viceroy, was to hand over the entire administration to the new governor. The decree ended with a peremptory command to Columbus to "obey Bobadilla."

At first Columbus refused to believe that such humiliation could be inflicted upon him. He felt sure that Bobadilla was nothing more than a clever rogue like de Hoyeda, Pinzon and Roldan. Further investigation, however, revealed that he had really been deposed and deprived of all his privileges. This was a staggering blow. But it remained to be seen how Bobadilla intended to use his unlimited power. The suspense was short-lived. The new governor started by compelling Diego to hand over all the prisoners involved in the insurrection. Roldan was not only freed, but treated with great respect.

This was sufficient for Columbus to realise that Bobadilla had no intention of proceeding against the malcontents and mutineers, but was solely concerned with the ruin of the Admiral and his brothers.

Diego was the first to be arrested and put in chains. Columbus wrote to Bobadilla, declaring himself ready to hand over the reins of office. No answer came until August 23. It was a memorable date for the great discoverer. He was returning to San Domingo alone, and as he reached his house he was greeted by Bobadilla's constables, who arrested him and took him to the fort. Chains were riveted to his wrists and ankles. He uttered no word of protest. When the hammers had ceased to ring, he asked for pen and paper and wrote to his brother Bartolomeo, asking him to surrender to the King's decree.

Later he was taken down to one of the ships in the port and put into the steerage section, in

(*Continued on page 53*)

Years after his death gorgeous monuments were erected to his memory in Spain and other parts of the world, and this shows the monumental tomb of Christopher Columbus at Seville

Death to the Convoy Raiders

The Daring Work of the Merchant Ship Fighter Unit

By Frank H. Shaw

"WHAT'S that lump on the big freighter's bow?" I asked the destroyer's captain, as we carefully shepherded the convoy into line.

"Very hush-hush!" he returned. "Our answer to the Focke-Wulf. A Cata-fighter, if you must know."

More than likely I was the first seagoing scribe to see a Cata-fighter go into action; for the convoy which I accompanied over the Atlantic was the first to carry this powerful and successful means of defence.

The S.S. *Empire Tide* with a catapult fitted to the bows and a Hurricane on the catapult

Flight-Lieutenant D. R. Turley-George (*left*) who fought in the Battle of Britain, and Flying Officer C. Fenwick (spare pilot), photographed in front of their Hurricane on the S.S. *Empire Tide*

With the comparative failure of U-boats and surface warships to check our seagoing activities, the Axis attempted to affright us with air attacks. Long-range Focke-Wulfs wrought havoc far out to sea, beyond the range of our Spitfire and Hurricane fighters. Flying across Spain and Portugal, these air destroyers swooped on the Biscayan and South Atlantic convoys with something approaching impunity. Built for speed, manœuvrability and hitting power, the fighter aircraft must naturally be short ranged; and enemy attacks were carefully designed to occur far from any Allied airfield whence fighters could sally in defence.

The cleverest of barrages, whilst deterring them to some extent, failed to stop the attacks. The F.-W. bombers adopted improved technique as barrages grew in intensity: whilst one pack would pretend to assault, and so draw fire, another would dive down out of what cover was available and launch the death-dealing missiles on chosen targets. Thanks probably to secret service agents, the pilots of the F.-W.s appeared well informed as to the quality of the freighters; at all events, the most vital—those carrying invaluable supplies of food or munitions—were usually singled out for attention. Tankers, by their distinctive appearance, naturally bore the main brunt.

As cruisers and battleships could be adapted to carry aircraft, why not freighters? By doing this practically every merchant ship could be developed into a carrier, even if to a limited extent only. Freighters normally have clearer deck space than warships. Not so much as carriers, naturally, but carriers are designed to carry and employ scores of aircraft. Even one fighter plane per convoy was better than nothing.

WHOEVER was actually responsible for this masterstroke of ingenuity may not be known for some time; it was, indeed, a combination of thought and forethought that evolved it. To fit a big freighter with a catapult attachment capable of launching a Hurricane into the air was no insuperable task. Modern engineering skill soon solved such small problems as arose. Odd freighters became the richer for a catapult Hurricane, carried for'ard, designed to be launched along a steel gantry running to the bows, and propelled, in lieu of the normal take-off run, by an ingenious contraption not unlike the old time crossbow.

There was one drawback: the difficulty arising if the Hurricane, after taking off and engaging the enemy, found itself too remote from a friendly base to return in safety. Because speed and the ability to manœuvre in aerial combat were vital necessities—F.-W.s being very speedy and mobile—the Hurricane Cata-fighters could not be fitted as seaplanes, with landing floats in lieu of the normal undercarriage. It was impossible to land such aircraft on the very limited deck space of either freighter or warship. But the loss of one £5,000 Hurricane might well be compensated for by the salvation of ships of the convoys. A Focke-Wulf bomber might destroy one, two, or more freighters, each of the material value of over £1,000,000; whilst its moral and tactical value was immeasurable. Five thousand pounds was a small insurance premium to pay for such additional safe-guard. Once the Catafighter had taken off to do its work, it was automatically written off as a total loss to the R.A.F. But the life of its pilot was a different matter.

Catafighter service is purely a voluntary job. There is, needless to say, no lack of volunteers for an extremely hazardous and exacting service. The very best youngsters were attracted and their noble lives deserved preservation. But the assumption was that F.-W. convoy attacks would take place far from the activities of the Air-Sea Rescue Service. (*Continued on page* 64)

"Come down peacefully, Frenchman, or we'll shoot you out of there like a monkey cartwheeling out of a coco-palm"

ON the morning when the grey plane came, François was awakened by the cooing of his jungle doves. Always at the crack of dawn they flew down from the palms round his clearing and chortled at his hut door to be fed.

François sat up in his hammock, stretching — a battered, dangerous jaguar of a man, in his early forties. The nightmare of Devil's Island lay a twelve-month and a thousand sea miles behind him, but he had the scars of it on his body and the iron of it in his heart.

When he first escaped, François had headed up across the Caribbean to join the de Gaullists and fight the Boche. But he soon found that a Devil's Islander wasn't wanted. In fact, François found he was still a criminal and twice he barely escaped getting pitched into dank, old morros.

So he had landed upon the little Windward Island, and was hiding out on its south coast—a piece of human flotsam, quite alone in the world. His family in Nantes was dead, his fiancée had long since married, and France itself had disowned him as a son. By law he was for ever barred from the land of the "Marseillaise."

Swinging down from his hammock, François said to his doves: "Alas, the cracked corn is all gone, *enfants*." It eased his exile homesickness to make-believe that the doves were the pigeons of his native Nantes. "But patience—to-morrow comes Corporal Marcos with fresh supplies. For our breakfast to-day we'll split a big, juicy papaya, *hein?*"

With a gourd he splashed water over his head, and then put on his canvas trousers. Through the morning twilight came the mew of sea birds in near-by Ceiba Cove, and the whisper of distant Mona surf. The creatures of the surrounding jungle, busily feeding, mating, singing, were making the most of the early hours before the day-long tropic rains came on.

As François reached for his home-made blue beret, he heard the thrum of a plane, on low rev, gliding in towards Ceiba Cove. The plane sounded different from the Yankee craft that patrolled the Caribbean like restless hawks; and he stepped outside to listen, with the doves cooing round his bare feet.

The papaya trees of François's neat clearing were heavy with big yellow melons; his ladyfinger bananas were ripe; the sprigs of love-chain which he had stuck down round the jungle edge had grown riotously, flinging their fire-coloured bloom high up into the trees and

A Son of France

Exiled and Disowned He could Still Strike a Blow for the Country He Loved

By William Mowery

by W. Smithson-Broadhead

lianas. But to François the flowers and arbours, the sea and the jungle, brought no peace at heart. Not when he was an exile and France lay under the German heel.

In Ceiba Cove he heard a splash, and the loud quonking of cormorants, as the mysterious plane landed there. After a short taxi the engines were cut.

Suspicious, François hurried down to the lower edge of his clearing, where he had nailed cleats up a tall tamarind, and climbed up to the crown for a look-see. His friend, Corporal Marcos, had the job of patrolling that coast to see that no German submarines used it to give their men a shore rest or as a haven when the Yankees got too warm with the depth charges; and François had been helping Marcos out, with a spyglass in the tall tree. Partly he wanted to repay the kindly corporal, who was bringing him supplies and shielding him from prison; and partly it made him feel he was doing at least a little something against the Boche.

When he stepped on to his small platform in the tamarind top, the swift Caribbean morning was coming on like a curtain rising, with the red sun just jumping out of the mighty Atlantic. From the crow's-nest François could follow the patrol trail west to the far, pretty-coloured roofs of All Saints, and east to the coral headland called Sailors Bane, on whose treacherous shoals rested the bones of a hundred ships, from galleon to Aruba tanker. Beyond the Bane seethed the blue tidal rip of Mona, where a dozen ship lanes of the free nations drew together and the U-boats had found the hunting rich.

François had to look round the cove twice before he saw the plane, so well was it camouflaged and hidden. Then he spotted it, against the east shore. It was a two-engined craft of neutral grey, and it had taxied in under a huge old ceiba at the water edge to hide from the Yankee hawks.

As François studied the ship, his fingers tightened on his short machete and a thrill ran like high wine in his blood. The secrecy of the plane said German. Its lines said German. *That plane was German!*

Unbelievingly François rubbed at his eyes and looked at the craft. For all the years since his two brothers fell at Verdun, he had waited for a chance to strike the Boche. Here were Boche. Here were men of those grey legions who had ravished his country once, under his own eyes, and now were back in France once more.

The craft was plainly a long-range ship. The conviction hit François that it had come from Europe. That the Boche had made a quick stab across the Atlantic to carry out some mission of great importance.

The unerring way they had hit the little cove, across all those sea leagues, and taxied straight to the ceiba, showed him that they knew their job to the last detail. Whatever that job was.

Just as François started down the cleats, five men strode out of the jungle near his tree. They glanced at his hut, about the clearing, then up at the crow's-nest, as though they had known even about that; and they spotted François as he tried to draw a leafy branch around himself. One of them sent a bullet *zing*-ing close, to cow him; and another called up, in French:

"Come down peacefully, Frenchman, or we'll shoot you out of there like a monkey cartwheeling out of a coco-palm."

AT the foot of the tree François faced his captors. They were five young Luftwaffe officers—a major in command, three captains and a lieutenant. Armed with Lugers and paratroop carbines, they were plainly elite men, hand-picked for this overseas mission.

One of the captains, a stocky Bavarian, eyed François's machete. Without a word, he lifted his Luger and shot. The cane knife was torn out of François's grasp, and his hand stung as though a jelly-fish had nettled him. But he folded his arms and stood still, with the blank face and iron discipline he had learned on the Island of the Lost. He saw the major grin contemptuously at his beret, the symbol of his Frenchhood. This, too, he ignored.

The major said: "You're François de Bru, the Devil's Islander. Of Nantes. Yes?"

François nodded. The remark told him that the Germans had some capable agent along this coast, as Corporal Marcos insisted. It told him also that these men had not captured him by accident. They wanted and needed him.

He suddenly stuck the map inside his wet beret, and with a two-handed heave he sent beret and map sailing far out into the clearing

He was scheduled to play some part in the plans they had worked out so minutely beforehand.

At a word from the major, the lieutenant stepped up and slapped metal handcuffs on François's wrists and locked a leash chain round François's waist. Then the party started across the clearing to the hut, the Germans tramping stolidly on the young vines and the flower beds. To François it was like the hobnails trampling France.

AT the hut the major and the Bavarian captain took François inside. But the other three Germans went on to the east edge of the clearing, where the trail from Sailors Bane came out of the jungle, and set to work at something there.

The major, Habicht, spread a chart on François's rattan table. "You've hunted in this jungle, Frenchman. We want you to guide us on a trip. We've got to get back here by to-morrow nightfall."

François scanned the map, which was of white waterproofed linen. It showed Ceiba Cove and the twelve miles of jungle that reached north to a sea arm called Barracuda Bay. It showed the low, rocky ridge, midway between the bay and the cove, where some pockets of magnetic ore made compass needles spin crazily. It showed Sailors Bane and the coast trail.

But its most prominent mark by far was a huge black swastika over on Barracuda.

Major Habicht pointed at the swastika. "That's where we're going, *libéré*. We want you to guide us there and back. You'll collaborate, *ja*?" His hand rested on his Luger.

"I know the land," François said warily, thinking hard. The trip was a great mystery to him. What was taking these officers over to that desolate country of mangrove flats, jungle, and a few fishermen shacks? It had nothing to be sabotaged, no Yankee bases, no waters safe for U-boats. But it did have *something*. At that black swastika across the jungle there was something important enough to bring five elite Luftwaffers over the ocean.

The major slapped his Luger warningly. "If you'll keep in mind that you're handcuffed, chained and under our guns, de Bru, you won't waste time thinking about escape. One bullet, remember, can kill you, and at your first wrong move you'll get *five*."

François made a slight bow. "Thank you, Herr Major, for your admirable frankness." His lips curled in a faint smile at this threat against his life. In the malarial hell of the Island he had seen death wholesale, and seen it come as a release to men, like the wind from the cool Guiana mountains. And he had looked on it himself several times, as through a thin pane of glass, till it had lost all power to frighten him. A battered exile, without home, kin or country—in the name of *le bon Dieu* why should he care a sou about getting shot? He was living on borrowed freedom anyhow. At any time he might get reported and flung into the morro at All Saints.

When they walked outside, he saw that the three Germans at the jungle edge had strung a thin wire across the trail between two ebony saplings and were filling in two holes they'd dug beside the path. Habicht explained, to impress and tame him:

"Your friend, Corporal Marcos, comes riding past here to-morrow morning. If he should find your hut empty, he'd start smelling round on our trail. We've arranged that he won't! That's a land mine yonder. When he rides into that wire—*pouff!*"

For a moment François shut his eyes, to keep from striking the German with his manacled hands. A human life—*pouff!* A man with wife and *p'tites* at Sailors Bane—*pouff!*

When he opened his eyes he was his cool, steady self again. He remarked: "You're treating him a bit drastic, perhaps, Herr Major. But"—he shrugged—"what's one dago corporal more or less?"

"Quite!" the major agreed. "But where are your shoes for this trip, *libéré*? What! You own no shoes? Thunder and blood, what strange beggars you Frenchers are—flower beds and no shoes!"

THEY left the clearing at once and struck straight north towards the swastika on Barracuda.

The jungle, or "wet bosque," was so dense that the sunshine filtered down as a green twilight, and the dim game trails they followed were like tunnels. All round them lay a tangled ocean of trees, lianas, bamboos and large ferns, all pushing their way up out of the depths to spread their foliage in the life-giving sun. Angel-wing orchids of yellow and snowy white hung in the dimness, and the air was heavy (*Continued on page* 54)

A Nursery *for* Working Mothers

John Sutton, a sturdy five years old boy, proudly wears his father's old cap as he says good-bye to his mother, Mrs. Florence Sutton, before she goes off to her job in a factory canteen. The boy's father, Private David Sutton, a postman before the war, is now serving in Egypt

War seems far away from this peaceful sunny lawn where the toddlers play under the supervision of the nurses, and the babies crawl round their play pen

(*Below*) "Aah, that's the stuff!" The last mouthful of porridge. The second course for breakfast will be bread and butter, and a large mug of milk

Nothing like a warm bath to finish the day well, and seventeen months old Billy Bayliss enjoys it

NURSERIES for children of war-working mothers are being established throughout the country, and the pictures reproduced on this page were taken at Flint Green Road Nursery, Birmingham. This nursery was opened in the early summer and can accommodate sixty youngsters. The children range from eight weeks to five years old. They have a nurse, or training nurse, to every five children. Some of the children are resident while their mothers work night shifts in the various factories, and some are boarders being left at the nursery in the morning and taken home in the evening.

(*Right*) "Here's your breakfast, young man." Sylvia Rainford, four years old, waits on the others

The Flying Commando

A Hun meets more than his Match in a Libyan Encounter

By Richard Oliver

SQUADRON Leader "Nuts" Cobtree sprawled in the chequered shade of some "skrim" netting. He whirled a horsehair fly whisk and cursed the Libyan flies in Gippy arabic. Somewhere north of him over the hills was the Mediterranean, south over miles of sand was tropical Africa, to the west lay Tripoli, meanwhile there were flies and a bitter cold wind at night off the northern jebel—and a fortnightly mail from home.

He grabbed his flying topee and lounged off; his wide-cut shorts flounced out like a divided skirt, his wrinkled nut-brown face set in grim lines—life was rotten. His shirt pocket held the last letter he had had from Squirrel—Section Officer Jane Cyrrell, WAAF, to give her official rank and name—the Squirrel had written from an English port of embarkation for the Middle East. She was mad keen to be overseas and nearer to him.

The letter was dated two months before, it was written in the full excitement born of a great adventure; the grimness of Nuts Cobtree's features was occasioned by what he had found out of subsequent events.

The Squirrel had continued her journey across Africa by air; the aircraft had left the ground but had not been heard of since—*that* was a month ago. Nuts knew the route, impenetrable jungle, steaming swamps—alligator haunted; then scrubland fading off into desert—rolling waves of sand with only the occasional hump of camel thorn to break the dead monotony. The air transport was down there somewhere; he shivered. Africa could be so cruel, so primitively savage. And he happened to love Squirrel—the situation was so unusual that he was maddened by his inactivity; the trim little smiling girl with her fair hair bunched into an Air Force cap had just taken him.

He kicked at the sand humps and swore. The sun stained the stark hills red, the irrigation below, where the aircraft were hidden, was already black in shadow. At the barbed wire perimeter he overtook the commanding officer.

"Hallo, Nuts, you look more puzzled than usual?" the wing commander rallied him.

"I've cause to be, sir. May I have leave—and an aeroplane. I want—I want——"

"The moon as well, I suppose. Not a hope, Cobtree—any moment now we'll have a big show."

"They've been saying that for weeks, sir. It's important—you see——" Nuts hesitated—he found it difficult to put into words. "You heard of the air transport that was lost, well—Miss Cyrrell was in her—WAAF officer—codes and cyphers—and—we are engaged."

"Sorry, Nuts. Leave is *bund*. You want to fly down and look for the crash. Needle in haystack—nothing to it. Not a hope of finding anything in *that* country. It's being checked over, I expect. Anyway, don't flap, Nuts. The girl will be all right—I expect." The C.O. strode off, Cobtree watched him under beetling brows.

The hauptmann obviously knew little English, his lips curled in an insolent sneer as he motioned his prisoners to enter the armoured car

" You expect ! My God—you expect," he muttered ; a dry sob shook him. The little Squirrel down somewhere in Africa, injured—dying of thirst—and flies.

" My God—I must *do* something."

Two hours later, under a canopy of stars a big troop carrier taxied gently out of the shade of a clump of palms ; the four air-screws turned lazily. Cobtree was creeping along the runway when someone jumped on to the wing and tapped the cabin window.

" Hi ! What the hell——"

Nuts saw the C.O.'s face through the " perspec " and for a wild second thought he would open out and wipe the man off. He couldn't. He opened the cockpit cover.

" What the devil are you up to? "

" I—I was going to test the starboard engines—some adjustments——"

" Adjustments my foot. Switch off and get out."

The wing commander faced him. " I'm not going to put you under arrest, Cobtree. I'm not going to do anything provided you play the game. You were going to pinch that aircraft and go off south to look for your—for your best girl. You're crackers. We've got the biggest job of work on in two days' time that we've ever had—the job we've been training for months to do. You're second in command of *that* outfit—you're in command of one crowd of it." The C.O. stopped to let his words sink in. " And you were going off on—on some private affair. For God's sake, Nuts—keep a sense of proportion ! "

" Sorry, sir. I'd no idea the job was really on."

" Of course it is—but not officially yet. Keep *chup*. Put that ruddy omnibus back under the trees—and join me later. I might as well let you into the details of the show now."

ABOUT five hundred miles south-west of the jebel, on the edge of which the troop carriers lay hidden, a file of Arabs snaked down a shallow valley on to a scrub-dotted plain. Four Europeans, in tattered khaki, marched immediately to the rear of the leading sheik, and one of the Europeans was a woman. They trailed northward in silence, the haze-magnified stars their only guide. Soon after midnight they halted at a well side. A British officer, wearing the rank of a pilot, brought a goat skin water-bottle to the girl.

" Not so bad, we are out of the mosquito country now. How do you feel? "

" Oh, I'm all right, 'cept I haven't got a comb," Section Officer Cyrrell shook her close curl-covered head. " How far to the nearest English, now? "

Bill Casham, the pilot, wrinkled his blistered nose ; the question was one every one wished to ask, but only the girl voiced it. He had assured her so often that all would be well, to keep up her spirit, that she gave him implicit confidence. Among the great trees where the aircraft had crashed, in the snake country, in the yellow lion country, and now on the southern fringe of the Sahara, the girl had asked that question. He, Bill Casham, was always ruddy unlucky. " The sheik says two days' going north then north-east—it's difficult to say where our outposts are."

The pilot's voice tailed off vaguely.

It was four days later that their tired eyes sighted the blessed green of palms and the brown walls of a village. Their gait had hardly gained a springiness born of this evidence of civilisation when the sheik halted the column. He looked closely at the fort and fingered his ochre-coloured beard. The pennants on the old lances on the tower moved lazily in the evening air, the dome of a mosque, with its minarets, nestled among the palms, kite hawks circled overhead, all looked peaceful, but the old Arab's keen eyes had seen something unusual. The sun caught the glint of steel, reflecting a high light low against the mud wall that curtained the gate.

" Gosh—an armoured car ! " Casham had said it before his eyes had taken in the full significance of the vehicle. Tilted, as it lay under the wall, he saw on its roof the foreshortened sign of the swastika.

In a second he was beside the sheik. " They are our enemies ; back, before they see us."

" He who hastes, hastes to hell," quoted the Arab. " If we do not make camp here the *sucq* will make much talk." He gave an order and the Arabs formed a camp circle, and dropped their loads. Casham rejoined the English girl.

" Grab a blanket and put a kerchief over your head. There are Huns in the village. We'll sneak away after dark, but

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

daren't yet or they'd spot us." The section officer blanched momentarily, but obeyed.

"After all this—to be captured; a damn shame." She kept her voice steady with an effort.

A trickle of Arabs came from behind the gate curtain, vendors of sweetmeats and other bazaar wallahs. Casham watched carefully, praying for darkness. He suddenly gripped the Squirrel's hand.

"Steady, now—here comes a Hun." His luck again! A group of Europeans marched out of the village and entered the armoured vehicle. The car shot away, kicking up the sand. It came straight towards the Arab encampment.

A German officer, wearing a hauptmann's badge of rank, leapt from the car. He ran his eyes arrogantly over the sitting men and picked out the sheik. He greeted him in guttural Arabic perfunctorily, and demanded his business and his route. Meanwhile, two other officers walked among the Arabs, kicking their rugs to ascertain if they had anything worth looting. Casham held his head downwards over a bowl of *pacha*—he dared not look up lest the evening breeze blew his *shefqu* away—he could feel the hastily fixed *argol* slipping on his close-cut hair. The girl's hand fluttered in his. A German officer passed behind them, he heard the scrunch of boots on the crusted sand. He slowly drew his own feet in under his blanket lest the visitor should see *his* shoes. The officer stopped just beyond where they sat and then went on. The hauptmann still stood by the sheik, the latter giving soft answers to peremptory questions. The two junior officers returned to their captain and stood behind him. Casham stole a glance towards the group. The hauptmann was now examining the gilded ceremonial sword that the sheik carried in the centre of his girdle; the Arab stood before him unperturbed and silent. His natural dignity annoyed the German; he rapped out a question to his lieutenants.

The visitors turned to leave and Casham allowed a sigh of relief to escape him. Then a German voice shouted. A lieutenant held up an aeroplane compass. That compass had brought the party up out of the forest country, had guided them until they fell in with the Arabs and had been the one present Casham had made to the sheik. His ruddy luck again.

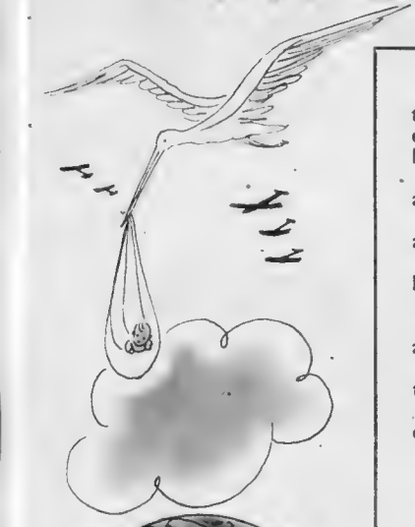
There was a series of staccato questions, then some dived towards the English and tore their kerchiefs from their heads. The hauptmann obviously knew little English; his lips curled in an insolent sneer as he motioned his prisoners to enter the armoured car.

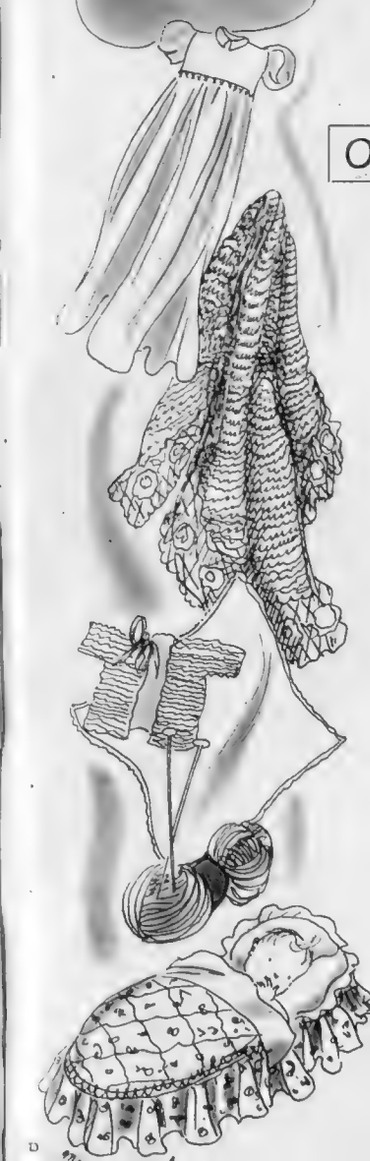
They did not enter the village. As they sat in the

(*Continued on page* 58)

He flew at that face, flung himself at it. He found the face—and stayed with it somewhere beside an upturned trestle table and in a corner

On Duty—and Off





There was a time when women never even thought of talking about their age. Nowadays they never seem to stop talking about their age, except when they are talking about fire-watching, or the Americans in London. This season's conversation-piece goes something like this:

"How can they expect me to fire-watch when I am already working almost every day?"

"My sweet, I hate to tell you, but voluntary work does not count at all."

"Anyway, I shall be such a nuisance to them if they do get me, because I can't see well in the dark. I have blue eyes."

"Lots of women have blue eyes, darling. You should eat more vitamin A."

"Have you seen the list of questions you have to answer before you are allowed to entertain an American soldier over here?"

"Yes, and the only one they have forgotten to ask is whether your teeth are your own."

"My dear, do you know Jean has been called up for her interview on Monday and she is forty-one?"

"Mary is doing night-work in a factory, and she is forty-five."

"Won't it be fun when they even get Kitty out fire-watching?"

"If you are going to have a baby you are exempt."

And that applies to almost every war chore.

—By Jane Gordon—

OFF DUTY

IF babies had any sense at all they would probably wait to be born until after the war. But that is one of the nicest things about babies: they have very little sense. They just arrive in the world regardless of any inconvenience they may cause.

Babies, like everyone else in this country, have to comply with wartime regulations. Sixty coupons are allowed for the layette, and, according to the month in which the baby is born, coupons are allowed for the remainder of that year. No baby can be very dressy on sixty coupons. The wisest way to deal with this situation is to rely on experts, and the most practical experts dealing with the whole of the baby-coupon problem are to be found at Treasure Cot.

Here is some coupon information which you may find useful. Two dozen nappies are the minimum necessary for comfort and efficiency. Each nappy takes one coupon; therefore twenty-four coupons out of your sixty must be allowed for nappies alone. The gauze squares that are worn inside the nappies are mercifully coupon-free. The flannel nighties take four coupons each. One coupon is needed for each wrapper vest; two coupons for each of the long flannels worn under day-dresses, and it takes two coupons for each day-dress. A large shawl will put you back another four coupons. Fortunately, a very little wool goes a long way when knitting or crocheting booties, matinée coats, bonnets and vests, and almost every mother can count on being given little knitted and crocheted garments when she is going to have a baby.

This is a specimen layette for the first three months which the buyer of the Baby Linen Department worked out with me:

	Price	No. of Coupons	Total Coupons
1 large Shetland shawl	Approx. 35/-	4	4
4 Chilprufe nighties...	14/4 each	4 each	16
Nuns' veiling ditto ...	12/10 each		
3 wrapper vests ...	4/0½ each	1 each	3
3 day-dresses	From 12/6 to 45/- each	2 each	6
3 long flannels (all wool)	10/9 each	2 each	6
2 doz. nappies (Utility)	15/5 doz.	1 each	24
2 doz. gauze squares...	18/9 doz.	—	—
1 coupon over for wool			1
		Total coupons	60

A mother investing in this layette relies on friends giving her the bootees and matinée coats, or else she sacrifices an extra couple of her own coupons for wool—or, better still, takes them away from her husband if he happens to be a civilian husband.

Many wartime mothers are buying more Chilprufe nighties and using these for day as well as night. During the winter this seems to me a very practical plan for a new-born baby, and the extra coupons can be used for matinée coats, vests and nighties.

Coupon problems for women who are going to have babies are also neatly solved by Treasure Cot; and here is one piece of good news—maternity corsets are coupon-free, and the new Utility maternity corsets are very nice indeed.

Nursing brassières take one coupon each.

I saw a collection of well-tailored Utility maternity clothes. One model, called "Page Boy," in navy blue, with touches of crisp-looking white piquet, cost £7 8s. 6d. with short sleeves and £7 17s. 3d. with long sleeves. Fourteen coupons are required for this model. A Utility dress in soft woollen material in a good range of colours takes eleven coupons and costs 69s., tax free. A good value in Utility cardigan suits is a model costing 75s. 3d., with short or long sleeves, and taking fourteen coupons.

ON DUTY

THERE was the most horrible excitement at the hospital when the Sposs floor cleaner and polisher got lost. What actually happened was that Sister had put it away so carefully that nobody could find it. Eventually, it was discovered, and later on in the afternoon one of the charwomen confided to me with a giggle that she seriously believed that Sister thought more about the safety of the Sposs than she did about the safety of the staff.

It was only a few months ago that we invested in a complete Sposs outfit for a rubber floor in one of the consulting-rooms which was suffering badly from wear and tear. At that time the floor looked extremely old and tatty. Now, in spite of the fact that it has hundreds of feet walking over it every week, the rubber flooring looks as new and shiny as it did on the day it was put down. What's more, it takes practically no work to keep it in this condition, which is a great saving of labour and cleaning materials.

At last I have discovered the most practical shampoo for working women who have to wash their hair at home. It is called "S.3 Biological (*Contd. on page 66*)

Service Training Reveals

SOME NEW FACTS

Among these discoveries, which were not fitting women for the future as well as adapt-

Few things have been so much talked about in this war and few less thoroughly appreciated than the possibilities which have been disclosed by the mass conscription of women.

At first this step was taken to release a flood of man-power for combatant purposes, and this is still the most important issue. But out of this necessity has come, almost inadvertently, the realisation that here is a social experiment with staggering possibilities for the future of women. Here is a means of investigation into the composition and capabilities of the female species which cannot fail to have significant results.

In the beginning, the training of women for the Services was, inevitably, a rather sketchy affair. It was a mere adaptation of the organisation which had formerly been set up for men. But when, later, in the light of greater experience, the fuller possibilities of the scheme and all its implications began to emerge, it was clear that a term of conscription into the country's service might be viewed as a sort of finishing school, the advantages of which could be equally shared between the women themselves and the community as a whole.

Stoical about bombs but not so stoical about mice

More and more training, throughout the country, is adapting itself to this ideal, and making practical use of the findings which nearly three years of investigation have brought.

Of these discoveries, only some are a surprise, but all of them have a great interest for the future in which women are expected to hold bigger and better places in the world's councils.

It is significant, too, that these discoveries emanate largely from men.

For instance, in one of the biggest training centres for W.A.A.F.s, the whole scheme of training is conceived and commanded by a man whose vision goes beyond the mere adaptation of women's services to the emergency of war. At this station they have some interesting facts to disclose.

Here bravery in women is accepted as a commonplace. What *is* new, and must lead to a better utilisation of women's gifts, is understanding of the extent and limitation of their courage.

At grips with physical danger, women are stoical, but they are more imaginative than men and, for this reason, more often afraid of abstract things.

At this centre, where women in great numbers are training for dangerous work, each unit has had to be provided with a cat to defend them from the insupportable danger of mice. Yet the men will tell you, almost tenderly, that they handle the lethal weapons of their trade with unmeasured poise, and are contemptuous of bombs.

Another fact helpful in its way is that women act better in force. That is to say, they do dangerous and vital work with courage and determination, together. The lone-hunting type of task is not for them.

Equality is still a bone of contention and an ideal to which, the women complain, there is still too much lip-service and too little reality.

One example of this is in the comparatively mild disciplinary measures which are meted out in the women's Services.

The punishment of delinquents is a delicate subject. It has, perhaps understandably, been politely glossed over by the authorities, to whom the complexities of a new women's army and the restraining influences of hide-bound convention have proved to be almost overwhelming.

The fact remains that there is not yet a corrective system sufficiently virile to deal with those influences which inevitably arise in any large community. The system as it stands is certainly not adequate to satisfy the conceptions of justice which obtain among the women themselves.

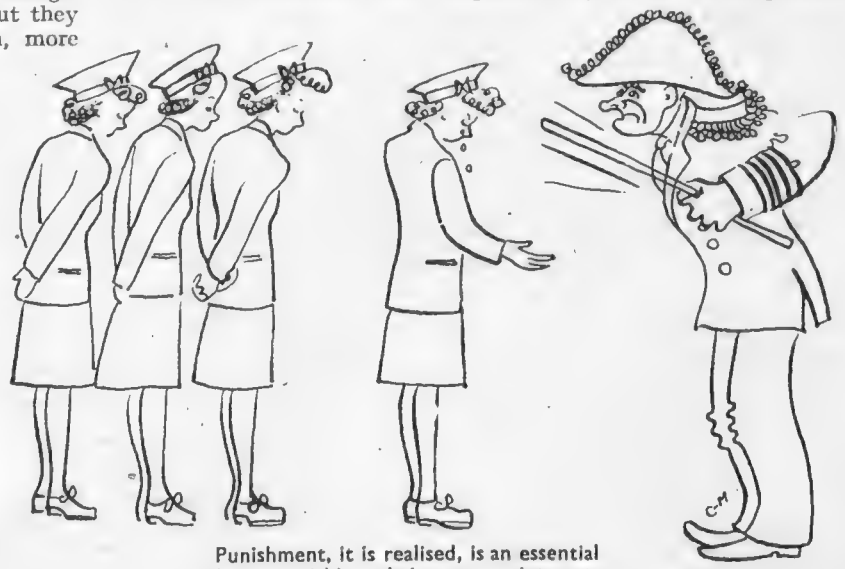
They have asked for equality, and they want it in full. If they are to do men's work, they demand the full responsibilities of their status. Punishment, it is realised, is an essential factor within their own interests. It is less than just to the law-abiding majority that the correction of the delinquent few should be thus feebly administered in deference to threadbare tradition. "Give us full equality, not lip-service," they ask.

In actual fact, the people responsible for training are emphatic that women are more amenable to discipline than men. They conform cheerfully to regulations and fit into a disciplined pattern of life with good-natured ease. In most cases they give visible evidence of enjoying the condition when the organisation is efficient and the environment sympathetic.

To many younger women, accustomed to the personal, and at times somewhat petty, discipline of home life, the impartiality of regulations and the acknowledgement of their own sense of responsibility is a revelation. Horizons widen and responsibilities deepen with an acknowledged sense of pleasure.

One lesson, the usefulness of which can never be overstated, is that women can, in spite of all traditions to the contrary, live amicably together in good fellowship and without petty jealousy.

On sites where a small team of women work together in isolated companionship, quarrels are rare. Their loyalty is exemplary and the team spirit highly developed. Feline qualities sometimes appear but seldom flourish, because, in these small communities, the road to Coventry is short and straight for cats. The source of this harmony, is attributable to the elimination of the competitive factors which complicate



Punishment, it is realised, is an essential factor within their own interests

ABOUT WOMEN

By Winifred Lewis

foreseen, is the fact that Service training is ing their talents to the emergency of war

civilian life. Women who are dressed alike, whose financial resources are identical, following a pattern of life which is shared by all around, are remarkably free from jealousy and the other catty qualities generally attributed to women. In no sphere have the true principles of socialism found a more fruitful testing-ground.

Another factor which is appreciated, particularly by the younger women is the ability to appeal to an impartial and responsible source for counsel and arbitration whenever difficulties arise.

Their problems are not always connected with the immediate circle, but extend to the personal lives and interests of each.

It is not always easy or possible in civilian life to take personal difficulties to an impartial source, but in the Services that help is always available. Officers, both men and women, realise their responsibilities in this connection and, in many cases, use their influence with wisdom and sincerity. In this connection women have proved more receptive, again, than men. They look for guidance and accept it with simplicity and appreciation.

The road to Coventry is short and straight for cats

Women have a sense of duty both simple and profound. Officers tell you that an appeal to a woman's sense of duty generally succeeds, where men often require a sterner form of compulsion.

Their sense of humour, as compared with that of men in the same conditions, is far from lacking, but it is less spontaneous. The clowning and the fount of wit which bubbles in the face of all hardships where men are together, is not so common among women. The humour is there, but it is less effulgent. They are graver people, though, on the whole, their basic cheerfulness and their sense of fun are beyond praise.

In the more publicised sphere of sex relationships there are other surprises. It is a fact that, in the early days of the women's Services, when the sexes were somewhat severely segregated, the moral graph gave cause for some official anxiety. Later, when common sense dictated the policy of absolute freedom and co-operation between the men and women of the Services, the improvement was so rapid and so gratifying that the problem has largely ceased to exist, except in irresponsible rumour.

Working in daily contact and frequently under the instruction of men, they are companionable, industrious and free from sex preoccupations to an extent that even the enlightened might have thought improbable.

The sex factor, indeed, frequently operates for good as, for example, between the men instructors and their women trainees. To see an R.A.F. Flight Sergeant drilling a unit of W.A.A.F.s is a revelation of tact on the part of the instructor and passionate endeavour on the part of the women. Their desire to please and to exceed, if possible, the standards laid down by men is good to see and undoubtedly springs from sex rivalry which neither war nor anything known to man can banish.

The lesson to be learnt of this, if one cares to look at it that way, is that the sex factor is a stimulant rather than an obstruction in the way of more practical co-operation between men and women in the future shaping of world affairs.

Women, it seems, are naturally adaptable. As students they are, in the majority, quicker in the uptake than men. They are eager and enthusiastic, but, later, show less initiative and are more dependent on leadership.

Parades, button polishing, personal appearances and the spick and span-ness of all equipment is a matter of enthusiasm and interest. Again the inevitable feminine shows up in contrast to the masculine. Attention to detail is exact. Appearances count for everything and praise is the salt of life.

The most enthusiastic responses from women in this war are unquestionably from those who are engaged in active, dangerous and outdoor work which directly releases a man for heavier duties, and of which the results are visible and realistic. They are working for a purpose they can clearly see, and the stimulation of that knowledge frees them of many inhibitions and encourages them to unheard-of endeavour.

These discoveries are conclusive, moreover; they are helpful in assessing the exact capabilities of women in the tasks which lie ahead, when the war is over.

By exploding ancient fallacies, the experiment is serving a sound and practical purpose for the future. By giving women the measure of their own strength and providing proof to others of their abilities in unsuspected spheres, it builds an impregnable wall of defence against those conventions, not to say the prejudices, which, in spite of emancipation, have kept the common woman from her true heritage.

No more can the old excuses survive. Women have their proofs, and when the new world is building, women will expect to share the responsibilities for which, in the light of these experiments, their abilities have been proved.

Furniture Facelift

When new furniture is expensive and not always good, second-hand furniture is a good buy. Old, shabby pieces can often be renovated and restored to their former beauty by simple means.

To renovate oak furniture, proceed as follows:

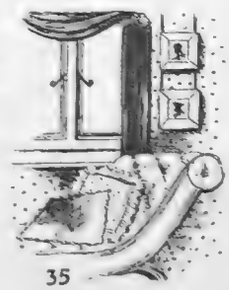
Heat a half-pint of methylated spirit and turpentine, mixed, in a stone jar to blood-heat. Brush the hot liquid over the surface of the furniture and rub off the softened varnish with an old rag. Repeat the operation until the surface is cleared of varnish and quite smooth. Treat several times with a wax polish and a fine lustrous surface will appear.

Stripping old stain and varnish and repainting in a bright colour is almost the best kind of facelift for out-of-date furniture. Stripping can be done in several ways, but the most effective and the simplest is by means of a chemical stripper which can be bought in a tin.

All you have to do in this case is to paint on the fluid and leave it for a few hours. The stain is then soft and can be removed easily with a scraper. The success of the repainting depends almost entirely upon the care with which the surface of the wood is prepared beforehand. After the stripping and when the wood is quite dry, rub it down very thoroughly with a fine sand-paper. Give plenty of time to this operation and continue until the surface is satin-smooth.

When the actual painting comes to be done, use the paint sparingly and lay it on with light, even strokes. Use a good brush for the purpose, as this makes an important difference to the finished effect. Cheap brushes that moult as you work never give good results.

Use two coats of paint on the furniture and let the undercoat dry thoroughly before you add the finishing coat. Patience is an insurance against failure in all painting work.



DRESS:

By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department

Most of us know, by now, the story of utility clothes. We have accepted the dreary adjective, along with the anything but dreary clothes it describes, which, for all-round excellence in material, styling and value, have had us busy thinking up new adjectives of praise.

Having digested the word "Utility," along came the Board of Trade with another tough word for us to chew, this time "Austerity," implying restrictions in cut and trimming.

And already these restrictions are giving our clothes a crisp editing which puts them in tune with the wave-length of our lives to-day. Utility, austerity—we eat the words with ease, and do not call upon the Board of Trade to eat theirs.

The next move was for the Board to commission the Incorporated Society of Fashion Designers to make workaday, workable models, to be copied for mass production, of dresses, suits, coats, blouses, which, while possessing the fundamental simplicity that we now recognise as wartime fashion, have that extra something in line and architecture characterising clothes thought out by the Big Names.

When the models were shown, manufacturers' copies were shown also, and it needed eagle eyes to pick differences. Slight differences, in fact, dictated by the need to save labour and material, were there in, say, a straight, instead of a curved rever; flat, in place of raised seams. On the surface, the clothes were identical.

The designs have been distributed to the manufacturers, who have started mass producing, and their clothes will be in shops all over the country, in full spate, by next spring.

The whole procedure has been a clever blend of the imaginative and the practical, so that labour, time and material are economised, and the highest benefits accrue to the public and to every branch of the clothing industry.

Our great-grandchildren, and theirs too, will flatten their noses against the glass cases at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, where all the original models now rest, and they will say, "In the second world war, the women of Britain, despite everything, dressed in faultless taste."

1. Royal blue woollen, with red buttons, unusually placed, raised seaming detail. 2. Pale blue woollen shirt-dress, with scalloped yoke, gored skirt. 3. Nigger-brown face cloth with raised seaming, belted at back, cut on easy lines, to be worn over a suit. 4. Beige-brown tweed suit, featuring large jacket pockets, a close collar and original pleating front and back of skirt. 5. Scotch tweed suit, blue checked with grey, the large jacket pockets and the skirt cut on the bias.

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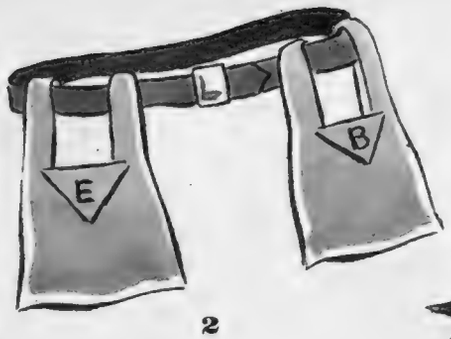

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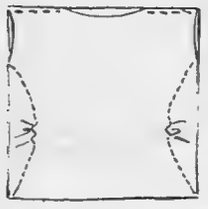
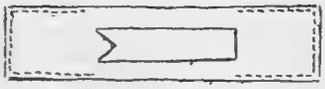
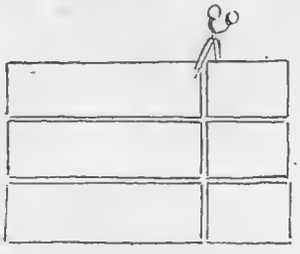






1. Have you two silk handkerchiefs lying in a drawer? They should be really large, about 28 in. square. Place together, cut to shape, as shown here. Stitch shoulder and side seams, slightly puckering waist. Result, a dressy jumper.

2. Make a leather belt interesting with dropped pockets in matching or contrast material. In the centre of a long, narrow strip, cut out piece, as shown. Fold in half, lengthways, stitch sides and bottom, leaving straps unstitched, turn down flap, and loop on to belt. The two pockets could be cut at the same time.

3. The snood of the moment, made from three passé scarves, joined together and then cut to form almost a square. Place on the head, and fasten two ends beneath the hair, as a nurse ties her white veil. Bring the other two ends up and tie on top of the head, as shown in the main sketch, arranging the sides in flattering folds. It will keep ears warm this winter.

4. The snood suggestion described above could be glamorously expressed in lace or chiffon, and topped by a little velvet pill-box worn high on the head. This is made out of a round disc about 6½ in. in diameter, joined to a straight strip of velvet 9½ in. long, 5½ in. wide, the whole lined with buckram (and then silk) and neatly stitched together.

5. Berets are everywhere again. Cut a circle in felt or cloth about 9 in. in diameter, cut another circle of the same size, perhaps in fur or fur fabric, for the under part, into which cut a smaller circle, the size of your own head. Stitch together on the outside, and, if you are neat, put in a lining.

6. Match a handled bag to the beret. Cut a piece of fabric 25 in. by 11½ in. in the shape shown, and two pieces for the sides, 9 in. long, 2 in. wide. Line, first with buckram, canvas or hessian, then with a piece of silk (cut from anything you have by you). Stitch together, with the side pieces. Large back-stitching is a decorative finish. The flap rolls over and is tied with a remnant of the narrow leather belt which you use for a handle.

7. Cut the entire front from a jumper or cardigan that has had its day, and revive it with a felt or bright woollen waistcoat, made to your size, in the shape diagrammed here.

Three Little Words

Three words have become bywords in the beauty world—cleanse, tone and nourish. They are the essentials. Keep your pores cleansed, your skin tissues toned and nourished, and you have every chance of maintaining your skin beauty for years. (Do not forget your neck exercises and those figure exercises which may help to counteract the figure-ruining, humped-up, cold-weather poses in which so many of us find ourselves.)

These words really come into the health question too, because for health, as well as beauty, the essentials are cleanse, tone and nourish. Nourishing does not mean packing up with starches, such as bread and heavy puddings. It is a fallacy to think that such foods keep you warmer — in fact, they are inclined to clog the blood-stream with poisons and make it more difficult to throw off any germs of colds that you may encounter. Nourishment means taking those foods that you are allowed by ration, and wisely adding all possible vegetables and such oils as you can get. It means going on to halibut-liver oil, or cod-liver oil, regularly, if you think you need it.

Potatoes are good because they contain mineral salts as well as starch, but there are other starch-containing foods that are of no particular virtue.

Do not shudder at the thought of raw vegetables just because it is cold. A good raw salad of minced or grated carrots, swedes, turnips, with celery, beetroot and any other salad vegetables you can get, would be a wise and healthful midday meal for you right through the winter, especially if you had some cheese with it.

Toning the body means really zipping it up with exercises and friction-rubs. Even if you cannot bath each day you can tone your body, and cleanse it too, by making a habit of the friction-rub each morning. A good rough bath-towel wrung out in very hot water and then see-sawed up and down your back, legs and over your whole body is a splendid toner. If you are really brave and figure - conscious, you repeat this with the towel wrung out in cold water. You should glow like a live coal after this.

Then try to get the quick-exercise habit — five minutes' vigorous toe-touching or other toning exercises help to exude poisons from the system.

Cleansing the body refers more specifically to the interior than the exterior, and this means regular and complete elimination; six glasses of water (hot or cold) between meals each day; and deep breathing.

Practise breathing in as much air as your lungs can hold, holding your breath for a moment and then exhaling slowly and exhaustively until not an atom of air remains: hold your lungs empty for a moment or two and then breathe in again. Do this for half an hour if you think you have a cold threatening; do it for a few minutes before retiring and when you get up, as a general health routine.

This will keep your lungs cleansed; exercise and friction-rubs will keep your skin cleansed; the water between meals will keep your kidneys cleansed; and regular habits, with an occasional aperient, should keep your bowels cleansed. You are half-way to perfect health if you achieve all this.

Cosmetic Health And Beauty

To most women, the cosmetic world has become clouded with such bogies as "on the quota," "discontinued for the duration," "restricted." It is essential that you have certain basic preparations to maintain your appearance; and it is essential that you get these as easily as possible and in a minimum of shopping moments. For that reason we have made a survey of the position and have tried to elucidate the situation for your guidance.

We trust that you will not use this information to add unnecessarily to any little stocks you may have. We hope with all our hearts that it will not aid any of those misguided, unpatriotic women who try to do a systematic shop-crawl to add to their hoard of beauty preparations; but we do want it to save you time and thought spent ordinarily on the purchase or pursuit of these creams and powders.

We have taken a cross-section of the makers of beauty preparations. There are others, but the situation seems to be practically the same for every one.

All beauty boxes, metal containers for rouges, lipsticks and powders are out.

Most of the salons have exhausted their remaining supplies of appliances needing either rubber or cotton for their manufacture—such as chin-straps, sleeping gloves, face patters. Cyclax, Elizabeth Arden, Rubinstein, have ceased making nail varnishes, varnish-removers, strong astringents, bleaching lotions and creams (including freckle-removers), friction-rubs, bath essences.

Perfumes, mascara, eye-shadow and depilatory waxes are very restricted, and special preparations like muscle oil have been voluntarily discontinued by the majority of salons, so that the ingredients and laboratory staffs can be concentrated on the manufacture of the simple, more essential preparations.

Depilatory wax is very limited, because the ingredients are unobtainable, and this is a serious matter for some of you. We can only suggest that you bleach arm and leg hairs with peroxide and ammonia (and also down on your face), and pluck out face hairs with your tweezers one by one.

The preparations which are essential are still being made, but in much smaller quantities. They are mostly restricted by quota and less than half of pre-war quantities are allowed. This means that Cyclax or Elizabeth Arden, for instance, can distribute through agents, at the salon and by mail order, only a small percentage of the amount distributed through these channels before the war.

In fact, there is little chance of getting preparations by post from any of the large salons, unless you were definitely on their mailing-list for some time regularly before the war. Yardley's, Jeanette Pomeroy and Jane Seymour definitely refuse all mail orders. Arden, Cyclax, Rubinstein do their best to supply regular clients.

So save your time, and the time of the staffs at the various salons, by refraining from sending off a postal order and a plea for some special preparation "as soon as possible."

We shall let you know a few of the salons which will accept a few outside orders. If you are in the Services and your duties keep you miles away from any shopping-centre, you will find that every salon will endeavour to supply you with one or two essentials. You can send to most salons, however, for those magic things that have recently been removed from the quota—namely, face- and body-powders. Only staff and container difficulties control the distribution of these, and there should be plenty of all the best-known face-powders and talc-powders on the market soon.

You will find that the necessity to eliminate all unnecessary work from the manufacture of these has lessened the range of shades obtainable; also that powders will certainly not be as profuse as before the war, owing to the scarcity of packing and boxes, but you can get plenty to keep up your appearance. Certain other semi-medical preparations are not restricted, too.

Only if it is impossible to shop locally should you cause the trouble necessitated in ordering and receiving a supply

Survey

by post from the London salons. Another preparation that wise rationing has made easier to get is soap. You can get many delightful soaps now by surrendering your coupons, and as this limitation prevents any rushing, it is generally possible to get soap from the salons.

So before we go any further into the realm of restricted goods, we will give you a list of those soaps and face- and body-powders of good salons that you should be able to get now without difficulty, but we warn you only to send to the salons for them if it is absolutely impossible to get them locally.

By . . .

Chrysis

Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street, London, W.1. Flower-powder, 9s. 6d. Ardena Powder, 10s. 9d. Dusting-powder: Ambre, Blue Grass, Rose Geranium, 10s. 9d. box; 6s. 6d. tin. Dusting-powder: Snowdrift or Ardena, 6s. 6d. box; sprinkler tin, 5s. Eye-lotion, 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. Tooth-paste, 1s. 10d. Lemonies Soap (1 coupon), 1s. 6d.; June Geranium Bath Soap (2 coupons), 3s.; Jasmin Bath Soap, 3s. 6d. Hand Soap: Rose Geranium or Jasmin (1 coupon), 2s. 6d.; Nedra Liquid Deodorant, 3s. and 5s. 6d.

Helena Rubinstein, 48, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Flower Petal Powder, 8s. per box. Shades: Light or Dark Peaches and Cream, and Rose Tan. Soaps: Bleaching Soap (try this for freckles or old tan), 6s. 9d. Resorcin Soap (use this on face hairs or body down—it weakens the growth and bleaches the hair), 5s. 6d. Reducing Soap for localised bumps, 6s. 9d. New Herbal Soap: Gardenia, Lilac or Rose, 2s. 6d. (all these 1 coupon per cake); Enchante Soap, 3s. 8d. (2 coupons).

Yardley's, 40, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Bond Street Complexion Powder, 3s. 5d. Shades: English Peach, Cameo, Deep Rachel, Rose Rachel, Deep Peach. Bath Dusting-power: Orchis and Lavender, 6s.

Cyclax, 58, South Molton Street, London, W.1. Skin Soap, Face-powder, Deodorant, Anti-acid Saline, Dusting-powder, Eye-lotion.

Having dealt with the preparations in reasonable supply and the definitely unprocurable ones, let us give you a survey of the situation at salons for those other preparations "on the quota," which means that just one-fifth of pre-war quantities are allowed.

Jane Seymour, of 21, Grosvenor Street, London, W.1., has a distribution throughout stores and chemists in the country, and you may be able to get the preparation you need locally. The only discontinued preparations are mascara, perfumes and beauty-cases, but if you cannot buy locally, you will have to get a London relation or friend to try to shop for you, as no mail orders are taken.

Jeanette Pomeroy, of 27, Old Bond Street, supply no orders by post, but if a friend will shop for you, they still have a quota of Astringent Lotion, 4s. 2½d.; Beauty Milk, 3s.; Cleansing Cream, 3s.; Dathos (excellent night cream for dry skins), 5s. 2d.; day (Vanishing) Cream, 3s. 8d.; face-powder, 3s. 8½d.; lipstick, 3s. 8½d.; liquid powder, 3s.; liquid rouge (excellent for the Forces, as it will withstand a day's heavy exercises), 3s.; Safada Lotion and Safada Cream (for hands), 1s. 6d. each; Skin Conditioner (a three-in-one cream, cleansing, softening and acting as a powder base), 5s. 2d.; Skin Food, 2s. 5d.

Helena Rubinstein has only a select group of essentials for sale by her agents throughout the country: Town and Country Foundation, 6s. 6d.; Special Pasteurised Cream, 6s. 6d.; Ordinary Pasteurised Cream, 4s. 4d.; Perfection Cream, 8s.; Skin-toning Lotion, 7s. 2d.; Lipsticks (Rose Pink, Rose Tan, Red Velvet, Apple Blossom and Regimental Red), 6s. 6d. (refills, 4s. 4d.).

Elizabeth Arden is still distributing a quota amount of Fluffy Cleansing Cream, 8s.; Ardena Cleansing Cream, 6s. 6d.; Liquid Cleanser, 8s.; Ardena Skin Tonic, 6s. 6d.; Velva Cream, Orange Skin Food, Anti-wrinkle Cream, Pore Cream and Muscle Oil—all 6s. 6d. each; Adona Cream (for neck), 9s. 6d.; Special Eye Cream, 8s. 9d.; Amoretta Cream (foundation for normal or greasy skins), Ultra Amoretta (for dry skin), Noshine (for nose)—all 6s. 6d. each; All Day Foundation, 8s.; cream rouge, 8s.; dry rouge, 3s. 9d.; liquid rouge, 6s. 6d.; lipsticks, 9s. 6d.; refills, 5s. 9d.; Nail Polish Paste, 4s.; Hand Lotion, Cuticle and Nail Oil, Eye Sha-do paste, Dermatex Depilatory—all 6s. 6d.; Eyelash Cosmetique, 8s.; 8-hour cream, 8s.; Acne Lotion, 6s.; Healing Cream, 6s.; Velva Cream Masque, 18s.; Bleachine Cream, 8s.; Wax Depilatory, 9s. 6d.; Deodorant Powder, 5s.

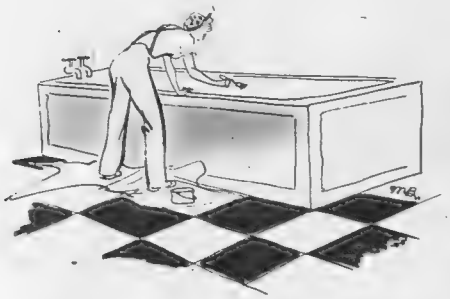
La Toja, of Trenmar Gardens, London, N.W.10, will take mail orders and deal with them fairly in rotation. They are still making Day Cream (Medicated Vanishing Cream), Night Cream (nourishing face cream that is left on like a face-pack for a few minutes only), Cleansing Cream, Shampoo (invaluable for irritating scalp or dandruff): prices, 3s. 7d. and 9s. 7d. each. La Toja Ointment for sties, bruises, boils and skin eruptions, 1s. 7d. and 3s. 1d.; Mineral Salt Soap and Mud Soap, both suitable for muddy-skin condition, blackheads, acne, etc.—1 coupon for 1s. 3d. size, 2 coupons for 2s. 3d. size.

Yardley's distribute fairly through retailers and salons their quota of Skin Food, English Complexion Cream, Liquefying Cleansing Cream, Foundation Cream, Toning Lotion, Complexion Milk, Liquid Foundation (light or dark), Make-up Base—all 5s. 7d. each; Hand Cream, 3s. 3d.; Rouge Cream, 3s. 10d.; refill for compact rouge, 2s. 2d.; lipstick refills, 2s. 2d.; and Lavendomeal for the bath, 5s. 5d.

Cyclax are still making a percentage of their usual supplies of Special Lotion, three Skin Foods, Astringent Complexion Milk, Braceine tonic, Cleansing Lotion, Day Lotion, Anti-shine Lotion, Astringent Cream, Complexion Balm, Eye-drops, Hand Lotion, lipsticks, mascara, Milk of Roses, Morndew Cream, powder rouge, Skin Tonic, Stockingless Cream. They definitely prefer you to seek your supplies locally.

NO MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE

Repainting a Bath. If you are living in an old house you may be afflicted with a painted bath that has chipped. Even a chipped enamel bath can be painted over.



Remove any flaking pieces of old paint or enamel and rub down the whole surface of the bath with turps. Synthetic turps will do. This will remove any traces of rust. Next rub well down and apply two coats of pure red lead mixed in boiled linseed oil to the consistency of paint. Give each coat twelve hours to dry before applying the next. Finally, give two or three coats of white bath enamel.

To Mend a Fuse. Turn off the current at the main switch. Open the fuse-box and take out, one by one, the little white boxes. When you come to the one where there is a tiny piece of wire disconnected, this is the broken one. Release the two little screws and remove the broken wire. Cut off a new piece from the card that the company leaves in the fuse-boxes. Wind one end twice round the first screw and gently tighten it. Thread the other end of the wire through the little tunnel and wind it round the second screw. Tighten this. Put the fuse back in its place in the fuse-box and switch on the current again.

Unstopping the Sink. Sink-pipes are obstructed by odd pieces of solid matter which get down the waste-pipe and block it at the U-bend, or by an accumulation of grease. Never let any solid matter go down the pipe, and when you pour greasy water down flush it with hot soda water immediately afterwards.

A long, flexible piece of wire pushed down the drain-pipe will often remove the obstruction in the U-bend. If grease is causing the stoppage put a handful of common soda down the pipe and pour a kettle of boiling water after it.

A New Pane of Glass. Chip away all the old, hardened putty from the edges of the window-frame with a small hammer and chisel. Buy fresh putty and get a pane of glass cut to the exact measurements of the frame at the local builder's yard.

Lay a bed of fresh putty along the edges of the window-frame, pushing it firmly in with the thumb. Fit the glass pane firmly into the bed. Secure it in place with fine nails driven into the putty. Press more putty into the corners of the frame and smooth down all the way round, using an old table knife with a short, stiff blade if you haven't got a putty knife. Draw the blade along the putty until it is smooth and firm. Clean off all surplus putty from the edges. Do not touch the window until the putty has set hard.

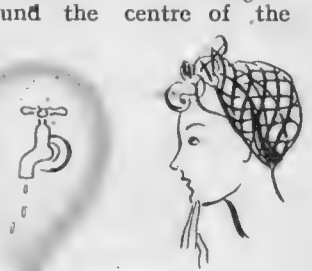
Oiling the Works. Keep hinges, mechanical gadgets and machinery well oiled and breakdowns will be less likely to occur. Do a round of visits with an oil-can every month all around the house.

Always put the oil right into the moving parts and on no account swamp them with oil. If possible, remove dust and dirt with a feather or a duster before applying the oil and use only two or three drops at a time.

The suction cleaner is helpful in removing dust from working parts.

A Dripping Tap. Turn the water off at the main and let the tap run for a few minutes until the pipe is emptied. With hot-water taps turn off the stop-cock on the pipe leading to the hot cistern.

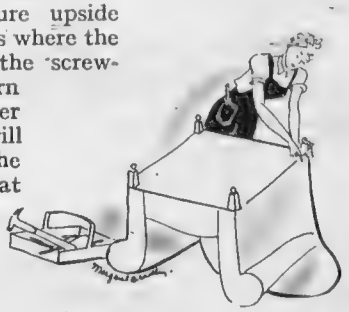
With an adjustable spanner unscrew the hexagon-shaped cap which is fitted around the centre of the tap. When this is removed the tap comes apart and the worn washer can be seen inside. Most taps take washers of a standard size which can be bought at the hardware shop. If the old washer is held by a screw, loosen this with a small screw-driver. Substitute with the new washer. Replace the parts and tighten everything firmly before turning on the water again.



Glueing. Things that come to pieces all over the house perpetually demand glueing. First break the glue into very small fragments by striking it with a hammer. Wrap it in something before you do it. Cover it with water in an old stone jar or a strong tin and let it soak until the next day. By this time the glue will have softened to the consistency of jelly. See that this is just covered with water, and then stand the pot in a saucepan half-full with cold water. Bring the water in the saucepan to the boil and keep it just bubbling for two hours.

When the glue is ready, warm the pieces of wood that are to be joined. Apply the glue to the broken parts with a brush and clamp them tightly together, squeezing out and wiping off with a cloth all the superfluous glue. Put the mended article aside and do not use for at least twelve hours.

Renewing Casters. Broken and missing casters are not only inconvenient, but do serious damage by wearing holes in carpets and linoleums. Turn the furniture upside down and insert new screws where the old ones are missing. If the screw-hole has become so worn that the neck of the caster moves about in it, and will not hold firmly, fill the hole with wood cement that can be bought in a tube. Let it harden and then bore a fresh hole. Insert the caster and screw down.



Two Last Novels

IMAGINE the almost *grand guignol* grip of a murder story in which the killer gradually assumes all the most hated qualities of the slain—suffers such a pathological change of personality, in fact, that he even develops like reactions to the dead man's wife and dog. A tense spiritual drama, this of Sir Hugh Walpole's **"The Killer and the Slain"** (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.), in which he reverts to the cruelty *motif* of his first novel, "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Trail." Talbot, the murderer, and Tunstall, the victim, were fated enemies from schooldays. Later in life the enmity flares into consuming hatred when Talbot finds Tunstall the portrait painter successful, coarse, drunken, unfaithful to his wife, wholly repellent, and irresistibly edges him over a cliff. The story of the subsequent haunting, which drives Talbot to his own doom, is told as only Walpole could tell it, with a narrative vigour sustained to the end.

Sixty-five predecessors are listed in Mr. Andrew Soutar's last, **"Mr. Nobody of England"** (Hutchinson, 9s.). It tells of a little man, caught in the toils of war, who willingly suffers every kind of obloquy and humiliation that he may expose, for his country's sake, the machinations of his own son, a Fifth Columnist. Soutar, the mass-production novelist, always had his finger on the story of the moment. In this he reflects all the passing moods and phases of the home front war, using them as background for a stirring domestic drama.

BOOKS: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

IN the past century the Portuguese Braganzas of Brazil were all we expect a Latin dynasty to be, both in political intrigue and court scandal. Dom João's queen, the giddy Carlota, is credited with having plotted the murder of her lover's wife and—possibly—that of her husband; when, finally, she left Brazil she literally removed her shoes to shake from them its hated dust. His successor, Dom Pedro I, installed a seductive divorcée mistress near his palace, compelled his wife to make her lady-in-waiting, gave her lavish titles. Both had babies within five days of each other; he then took both on a pleasure cruise which was stormy in more than the weather sense. If you read her "Hungarian Rhapsody" you will know with what vigour and colour Miss Bertita Harding presents these Braganzas in **"Amazon Throne"** (Harrap, 12s. 6d.): Royal memoirs as graphic as novel or film.

We know that the Nazi set-up was the greatest ramp in history, just as Hitler's "people's car" scheme was the biggest commercial swindle. Further inside evidence comes from Mr. Wallace R. Deuel, Berlin correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*, in **"People Under Hitler"** (Lindsay Drummond, 12s. 6d.). He debunks the German racial theory, exposes facts about marriage and the birth-rate, sterilisation of the "unfit," economic policy, the suppression of arts and sciences (except those which fostered servitude and war), and the diabolical plot to exterminate, in the long run, all European rivals. No book—not even Harsch's "Pattern of Conquest"—shows us better *what* we are fighting as distinct from whom: reactionary evil planned to the scale of world tyranny.

If I am to forget the war for a space, give me an account of a happy-go-lucky voyage through the Pacific in a small craft, with photographs of palm-fringed lagoons, shadowy headlands, the author stripped to the waist at the wheel under a tropic sun, smiling natives making *kava* or any other strange product not yet on the list of Mr. Fortnum and Mr. Mason. Mr. Ray Kauffman's **"Hurricane's Wake"** (Herbert Jenkins, 15s.) describes just such a gay adventure in a forty-five foot ketch in the days before romantic islands became war-fronts and warriors stole through jungles in canvas shoes. In gales or the doldrums, wrecked on an atoll or shooing native girl stowaways off his ship, he diverts and entertains.

I lent Mr. Gilbert Frankau's **"Escape to Yesterday"** (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) to a woman of civilised taste. "I haven't enjoyed a collection of stories so much since Somerset Maugham's 'The Trembling of a Leaf,'" she said. "They are so varied; the characters are vivid, and mean something. But he mustn't make modern women wear *opera cloaks* at the theatre—which were Edwardian—when he means evening wraps." I understand how the cloaks crept in, for these stories, whether of West End or Riviera, have an opulence of other, happier days. His range of interest is so wide, bridging so many tastes, that I would mark this as safe for Christmas presents.

Take a sympathetic woman through a sequence of heart affairs of the inevitable kind and not many women will be indifferent to her story. Mr. Norman Collins's **"Anna"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.), the daughter of a Rhineland merchant and French mother, follows her lover to Paris at the outbreak of the 1870 war; he is killed in battle. Suspected of spying, she marries an elderly restaurant proprietor for security during the siege. Her next affair is with an army captain who is killed in a duel with the wealthy M. Moritz, whereupon she shares Moritz's luxury life at Monaco, is abandoned when she presents him with a girl instead of an heir, finds refuge in a convent, comes to England as a governess, finally achieves happiness with a Captain Webb. From this picaresque skein Mr. Collins weaves a compelling romance which has for dual interest the falls of Anna and the Fall of France, 1870 model.

(*Continued on page* 64)

Some Adventures of

The Flying Squirrel

By Phyllis Kelway

MANY weeks before the Battle of Dunkirk a litter of baby red squirrels was born in a tree behind the enemy lines. Because they were true war babies those squirrels heard the fierce noises of modern warfare—the scream of dive bombers, the roar of artillery, and the solemn crump of bombs. They heard the rattling scuttle of motor-bikes and the clamorous brawl of heavy armoured tanks. And one day the restless outcry of men fighting each other was too much for two of those squirrels. Two comic brown faces peered forth from the nest high up in the tree; two droll little heads nodded over the edge; two pairs of blue-black eyes stared down at the furious world below; and then two small furry bodies crept up and over—over, and then alarmingly down, down in a swirl of frightened eyes and ears and vainly clutching paws. On that day they looped the loop all right, and each of them damaged his undercarriage on landing. But they were tough little fellows, and when they were captured by a British flight lieutenant they did not even trouble to put up their paws. After all, life is a ridiculous business for a squirrel anyhow, and if you are not in one place, you might as well be in another. The flight lieutenant's pocket was warm, in spite of the handkerchief that smelt strongly of lubricating oil and faintly of tobacco, and on the way back to the officers' mess the squirrels slept soundly.

Fortnum, the red squirrel, born in France and evacuated at Dunkirk with the R.A.F., enjoys a tasty morsel whilst perched on the shoulder of the flight lieutenant

Fortnum made friends with the rabbits on the first day, and she now bosses those rabbits and another squirrel

The officers laughed when they saw the absurd little figures, and with Piccadilly in their minds they called the pair Fortnum and Mason.

The babies had broken all squirrel rules, for they should have remained stay-put in their nursery for a week or so longer, and there is a vast difference between being tied to your mother's apron-strings and being suddenly introduced to an officers' mess. Things were made extremely complicated for both officers and squirrels when the flight lieutenant made the alarming discovery that neither of the squirrels had the faintest idea how to eat. The officers now had grave faces, for here was a far worse calamity than being bombed or breaking a shoe lace. They went into conference, and the squirrels were represented by the flight lieutenant. At last someone had the brilliant idea of filling a fountain-pen filler with warm milk and presenting it to the pair, but after every man had turned his personal belongings upside down it was found that all the officers of the mess had *self-filling* fountain-pens. Whatever war risks those squirrels ran in the days to come they were never nearer death than at that moment.

There was loud laughter when the flight lieutenant suggested using a Vichy aerated water bottle that was three times the size of both squirrels put together. But he had an inventive mind, and very soon he had fixed up an extraordinary paraphernalia which was to take the place of a baby's bottle. He attached a short length of rubber tubing to the mouth of the great bottle. Each squirrel in turn was invited to take the tubing in his mouth and suck up the warm milk. Fortnum, being a girl squirrel, was always a bit forward from the very first. She said that the whole affair was a little clumsy, but she was game for anything so long as she had a meal. She sucked and drank, and Mason followed her example, and both squirrels had hiccups from drinking too fast.

The officers were delighted. They took turns in giving the babies two-hourly feeds, which they understood was the right and proper thing to do for babies. Fortnum and Mason thrived. After a week or so they left the bottle and were put on to hard food. They lived in the flight lieutenant's room, sleeping in a box for many hours on end, because, after all, they were still only little things; but when (*Continued on page* 56)

Light-hearted and full of mischief is Fortnum. She is on the tea-table finding out if the cake is good to eat—Yes, it is!

Ribbed Woolly, Diamond Yoke

MATERIALS

8 oz. La Laine 3-ply wool in brown natural; 1 oz. of the same wool in nigger; No. 9 needles; 4 buttons; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

With brown natural, cast on 104 sts. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 4 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row, until there are 136 sts. Work straight until side seams are 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 109 sts. (1 extra dec. one side). Work straight until armholes are 3 ins. round curve. Now start yoke patt. as follows: **1st row.**—Join in nigger wool and work (k.) 1 brown natural (in future called B), * 7 nigger (in future called N), 3 B; rep. from *, ending 1 B. **2nd row** (p.).—2 B, * 5 N, 5 B; rep. from * to end, ending 2 B. Continue in st.st. in following colours. **3rd row.**—3 B, * 3 N, 3 B, 1 N; rep. from * to end, ending 3 B. **4th row.**—1 N, * 3 B, 1 N, 3 B, 3 N; rep. from *, ending 1 N. **5th row.**—2 N, * 5 B, 5 N; rep. from * to end, ending 2 N. **6th row.**—3 N, * 3 B, 7 N; rep. from * to end, ending 3 N. **7th row.**—As 5th. **8th row.**—As 4th. **9th row.**—As 3rd. **10th row.**—As 2nd. Rep. these 10 rows until there are 8 ins. round armholes. Cast off 8 sts. at outside edge on every row 10 times, leaving 29 sts. Work all k. in brown for 4 rows. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until armholes are 6 ins. round curve. Now work 47 sts., cast off 15, work 47. Continue the patt. and k. 2 tog. at neck edge (Continued on page 65)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; m. = make; s. = slip; sts. = stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; ins. = inches; patt. = pattern

Knitted Jacket, Coupon Saver

MATERIALS

9 oz. Copley Smith's 3-ply Excelsior Wool; pair No. 10 needles; 8 buttons; tape to keep waist shaped if liked; 4 press studs.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 36 ins.; length, 23 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION

8½ sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 156 sts. Work the following patt.: **1st row.**—* K. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to end, ending p. 1. **2nd row.**—As 1st. **3rd row.**—As 1st. **4th row.**—* P. 1, k. 1; rep. from * to end, ending k. 1. **5th row.**—As 4th. **6th row.**—As 4th. Rep. these 6 rows throughout. When there are 12 rows worked, k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of next and every 3rd row until there are 122 sts. Work straight until there are 7 ins. up straight at centre. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 148 sts. Work a few rows straight to make work 16 ins. up *centre*. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 120 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows, leaving 40 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONTS (two alike)

Cast on 84 sts. Work the patt. for 12 rows. K. 2 tog. at one edge of work on next and every 3rd row until there are 66 sts. Work straight until there are 7 ins. up straight at centre. M. 1 st. at same edge as you decreased on next and every 4th row until there are 80 sts. Work a few rows straight to make work 16 ins. up centre. K. 2 tog. at outside edge on every row until there are 60 sts. Now k. 2 tog. at neck edge on next and every other row until there are 40 sts. Work a few rows straight if needed (Continued on page 65)

Don't Call the Doctor

It is a rather frightening thought that you can't call the doctor when you feel the need to do so. Just the same it is a fact that has to be faced.

So many thousands of our medical men are serving in the Forces that those who remain are being taxed beyond endurance. It is essential that their energies should be conserved and their attentions directed into the most vital channels.

For the public in general, this means that in case of serious need, medical attention will still be prompt and effective; for you and I it means getting to know a little more about the treatment and care of common complaints so that calling the doctor is only a measure to be taken when the symptoms have failed to respond to home treatment.

Doctors will tell you that most people are quite unable to discriminate between symptoms that the application of a little common sense will dispel and those which are really serious in their implications. For this reason surgeries are full of patients who have no serious need to be there, and it is this that we must learn to prevent.

A simple cold in the head, which is left to develop without correction frequently attacks the digestive, or the respiratory system. Then the situation, though not always serious, often becomes alarming and very persistent.

Bed is the only quick cure for a cold, and if this treatment is applied in the earliest stages the cure will be rapid and complete. Take light food, quantities of fluid and four-hourly doses of aspirin, followed by hot drinks to induce a sweat.

Normally, temperatures are a source of danger and alarm mainly when they are misunderstood or neglected. Learn to use a thermometer, but don't lose your head and panic when it shows an inclination to shoot up a point or two.

A slight fever is nothing to worry about, especially with children, if you are taking common-sense precautions to keep it in check. It is important, however, that whenever the thermometer shows a temperature above normal the patient should be kept in an even temperature, protected from chills, and taken off solid foods.

If quietness, a milk diet and bed have failed to reduce the fever in, say, twenty-four hours, or if it rises rapidly in spite of the treatment, then you are justified in seeking a doctor's advice.

Pain is not always easy to diagnose yourself, but there are certain basic facts which should help in deciding whether the discomfort is likely to respond to home treatment.

Pains in the limbs, either intermittent or sustained, are frequently of a rheumatic origin. They may be insidious or merely temporary and due to exposure, or to a lowering of the resistance from some specific cause. Warmth and rest to the part, massage if possible, and aspirin three times a day while the attack lasts is as good a treatment as any.

Pains in the stomach or abdomen may be due to chill on the digestive organs, or merely indigestion in some form or another.

Pain that is accompanied with fever or with vomiting must not be neglected, but calls for a doctor's advice as soon as possible.

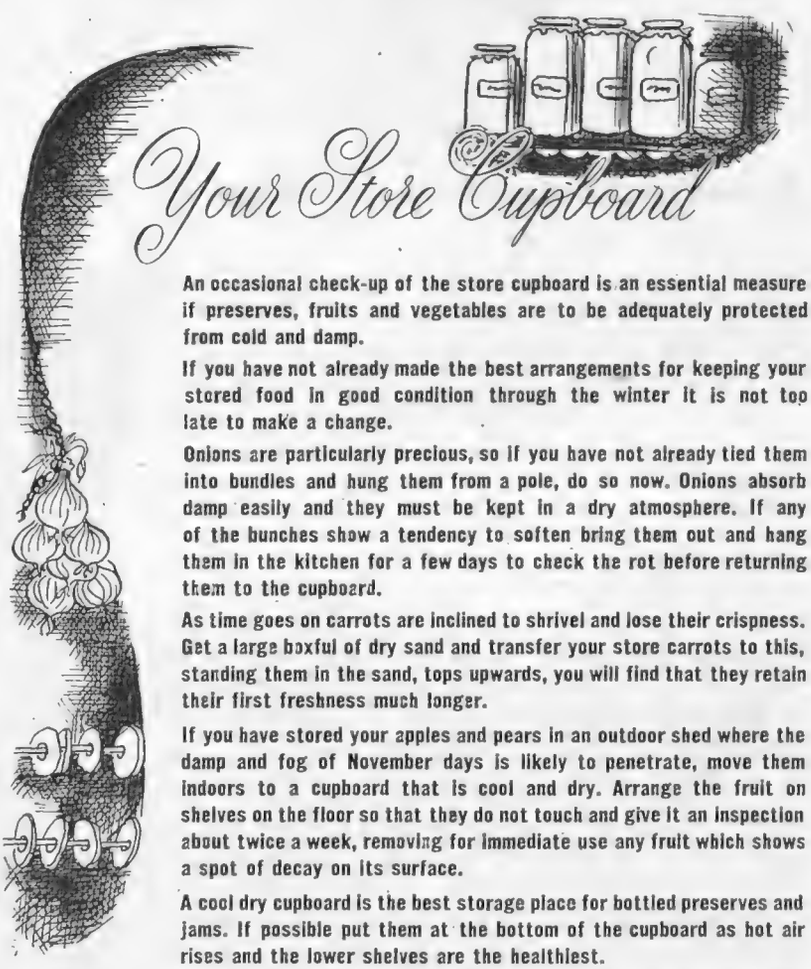
Pains in the back may be muscular and will yield to warmth and rest, and the application of a hot bottle, but if there is fever and restlessness, or frequency in passing water, this is a possible indication that the kidneys are in some way affected and you should proceed carefully.

Keep the patient warm in bed, omit meat from the diet, persuade him to drink copiously. If the symptoms persist, or the temperature goes up, send for the doctor.

Sore throats are common enough and will generally yield to simple home treatment. Mild forms of tonsillitis are not dangerous if the patient is kept warm, given frequent antiseptic gargles and kept on a light diet.

When the attack is accompanied by pains all over the body and a rising temperature, there is evidence that the poison is circulating and must be checked by skilled means.

The best way of all to save the doctor a visit is to prevent illness from ever starting. To ward off infection take plenty of fresh air both by outdoor exercise and open windows. Keep your feet dry and make a special point of the daily bowel action. Gargle every morning when you clean your teeth, and then put ill health out of your mind.



Your Store Cupboard

An occasional check-up of the store cupboard is an essential measure if preserves, fruits and vegetables are to be adequately protected from cold and damp.

If you have not already made the best arrangements for keeping your stored food in good condition through the winter it is not too late to make a change.

Onions are particularly precious, so if you have not already tied them into bundles and hung them from a pole, do so now. Onions absorb damp easily and they must be kept in a dry atmosphere. If any of the bunches show a tendency to soften bring them out and hang them in the kitchen for a few days to check the rot before returning them to the cupboard.

As time goes on carrots are inclined to shrivel and lose their crispness. Get a large boxful of dry sand and transfer your store carrots to this, standing them in the sand, tops upwards, you will find that they retain their first freshness much longer.

If you have stored your apples and pears in an outdoor shed where the damp and fog of November days is likely to penetrate, move them indoors to a cupboard that is cool and dry. Arrange the fruit on shelves on the floor so that they do not touch and give it an inspection about twice a week, removing for immediate use any fruit which shows a spot of decay on its surface.

A cool dry cupboard is the best storage place for bottled preserves and jams. If possible put them at the bottom of the cupboard as hot air rises and the lower shelves are the healthiest.

Check jams and bottled fruits frequently, as even the best preserving occasionally goes wrong.

If bottled fruit has sprung an air leak and fungus is forming at the top, open the bottle immediately. Remove the bad top and the fruit can still be made into jam if you can rustle up the sugar.

IN RUSSIA THIS WINTER . . .

"For many people there won't be any artificial light. What electricity is generated will be needed for factories and a few domestic blocks will be supplied. Week after week and month after month Russians will be coming home after their hard day's work to a black and icy house with hunger in their stomachs and grief in their hearts . . ."
(War Correspondent—News Chronicle)

And In Britain

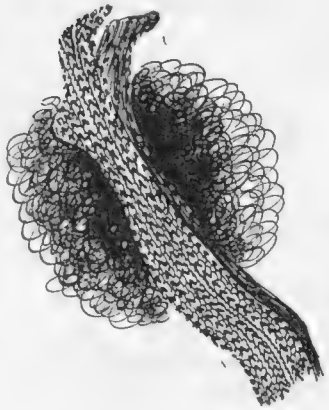
Use your intelligence to keep you warm this winter. Some of the suggestions made below will also be of help to you.

Small fires have bigger appetites than big ones. Build up a roaster at the start and then hide the coal bucket. Hide the poker as well and put your husband on his honour to behave.

Outdoor exercise will keep you warmer than any fire. You hate walking out when it's freezing, and who doesn't, but this is the battle for fuel and a good circulation is worth three good fires.

Your grandmother, little know-all, wore a house shawl and always kept a rug handy for her knees. So can you.

Button up your overall and sift the cinders every day. Don't let one cinder get by, but use them all again.



A few coupons expended on wool for hand-knit stockings is intelligent move number one. Yes, they can be attractive, too

When you have washed your hair or your face don't swish the water down the sink as if it were no more use but wash some of the smalls in it. This is good for the soap situation as well as the fuel.

Don't forget either that the best quality coal is the stuff that goes farthest. In fact, it gives you more heat and reduces wastage until it isn't there.

You have heard this before, but it is truer with repetition: Flames outside the saucepan don't give you any more heat and they do waste the gas. You can keep the contents of a saucepan or kettle at boiling point, once it has reached that level, with the smallest possible flame.

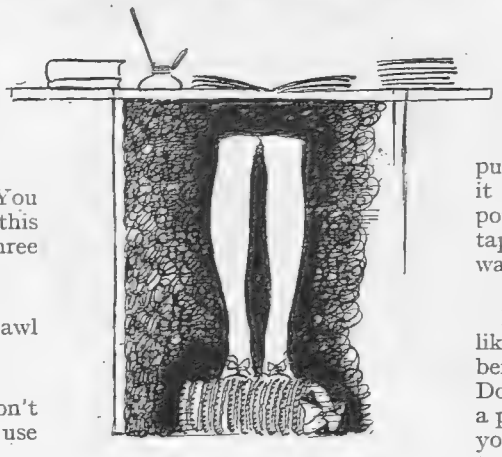
You can't put tea-leaves in the pig bin but you can mix them with the coal, when they have been well strained, to make the fire last longer.

Share your bath water with your husband and let the poor man have his turn before the water is quite cold.

Only use the radio when you are really going to listen. Don't switch it on and leave it running all day as many people used to.

A singing kettle on the hob is a companionable thing. It is also a great saver of fuel. Why not get a trivet for the sitting-room grate? Saucepans as well as kettles can simmer there also.

One-hundred-watt bulbs can be exchanged for sixties and sixties for forties, except where you have to see what's going on.



No central heating in the office suggests a stone hot-water bottle fitted with a woolly jacket to go under your desk—and why not?

Checking a dripping tap doesn't seem much of a war effort but it is. Every gallon of water pumped up from wherever it is, takes fuel to promote power, and a lot of dripping taps mean a lot of power wasted.

Keep the doors shut, just like you tell the other members of the family to do. Door shutting looks like being a public duty this winter. Get yourself a few yards of felt, too, and stop up all the cracks that let in draughts.

Get the coalman to shoot a layer of coke on the coal-house floor before the coal goes in. All that fine coal dust that used to be wasted will be absorbed by the coke.

Let up on all electrical devices that use fuel. Park the vacuum cleaner five days a week and only use it on one. Switch off the refrigerator when it is really cold. Only use the electric iron in one weekly operation.

Don't make the fire up after nine o'clock. If you are going out for the evening rake the fire out before you leave. Undress in the sitting-room instead of switching on the bedroom fire.

It is waste of gas to fill the kettle for just two cups of tea. Boil only the quantity of water you want. And when the tea is made, don't leave the kettle bubbling away on a small jet.

If you use a paraffin-oil stove keep it in good condition. This economises oil. For instance, clean the burner daily, making sure that air holes are free. Clean the wick, also.

Always use a funnel for filling to avoid spilt oil. Use a strong container for the oil and if it has a tap see that this does not drip.

This is you playing being grandmother in a shawl and knee rug, and very sensible, too

ECONOMY CHECK

Consult your last quarter's bills for electricity and gas. Divide the total by thirteen and this will give you the number of units of electricity or cubic feet of gas you were using each week. Try to cut down on this weekly total in the current quarter by reading your meters weekly to see how you are progressing. The Companys' officials will show you how.

The fuel target for a six-room house in South England should be — 140 units of fuel a year.

One ton of coal equals	40 units.
125 therms of gas equal	50 units.
2,000 kilowatt hours equal	40 units.
2 tons of coke equal	70 units.

SAUSAGE POTATO PIE

½ lb. sausages; 2 lb. cooked potato; ¼ pint household milk; dripping; parsley; salt and pepper.

Prick the sausages and simmer about twenty minutes in a little boiling water. Skin them and cut in halves. Mash potatoes while warm and beat with milk to moisten, salt and pepper, until creamy. If liked, a finely chopped raw onion can be added to the potatoes before beating. Take a spoonful of the potato, lay a half-sausage on it and cover with another spoonful of potato. Continue making these little "pies" with the rest of the potatoes and sausage. Cook them for twenty minutes in a greased baking tin. They should be nicely browned. Serve with a sprig of parsley on each.

LENTIL ROAST

5 tablespoonfuls of lentils; 1 teacupful of stale bread; 1 onion; 2 teaspoonfuls of herbs; stock or vegetable boilings; 2 carrots (diced); 2 potatoes (diced); ½ tablespoonful of beef dripping; 3 or 4 rashers fat bacon; seasoning.

Soak lentils and bread overnight in 1 pint of vegetable water. Add the prepared vegetables, salt and pepper and beat together to a smooth dry consistency. Now put beef dripping in a baking dish, put in the mixture and spread smoothly with a knife. Place rashers on top. Bake twenty to thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with gravy and fresh vegetables.

Solid Dishes ..... But We

Judicious use of herbs, onions or garlic, sharp sauce or other zestful addition will go a long way to help solid dishes from becoming stodgy.

Mash potatoes with a little mixed herbs, chopped onion, shallot, parsley or garlic. Serve in their jackets either boiled, or if the oven is being used, baked, with a little fat smeared over to give them a tasty "crust."

Make left-over potatoes into a fair-sized pancake, which you fry until both sides are browned.

The chopped green part of celery will make a nice flavouring for potatoes either mashed or réchauffé.

To make a stew or roast more substantial serve forcemeat balls with it. Recipe below.

MINESTRONE

About ½ lb. mixed vegetables (carrot, leek, onion, celery, turnip)
Outside leaves of cabbage (shredded)
1 oz. margarine
1½ pints water or milk and water
½ oz. rice
½ oz. macaroni
2 oz. haricot beans (lightly cooked)
1 teaspoonful parsley
Grated cheese
Salt and pepper
Thin pieces of bread dried to rusks in the oven

Peel and cut up the vegetables. Cook them in the margarine till tender, with the lid on the pan. Add liquid, macaroni and haricot beans. Cook for half an hour. Scatter in the rice, add cabbage, salt and pepper, and continue cooking for thirty minutes more. Add extra salt, pepper or water if needed. Sprinkle parsley over. Serve with crisped rusks and grated cheese.

If you have a couple of tomatoes to spare, they make a pleasant addition to this soup.

OATMEAL MINCE

1 lb. mince
2 tablespoonfuls oatmeal
1 or 2 onions or leeks (chopped)
¼ pint water
1 carrot (grated)
Salt and pepper

Put mince and chopped onion into a pan. Stir over heat for a few minutes. Add water and simmer twenty minutes. Now sprinkle in the oatmeal and grated carrot, mix well and cook ten minutes more. Add salt and pepper.

Serve with sippits of toast in a border of mashed potato which you have beaten up with chopped watercress.

HERBY HEARTS

2 sheep's hearts
½ pint water or vegetable water
Bunch of herbs
1 teaspoonful chopped parsley
1 teaspoonful chopped celery tops
1 oz. flour
2 lb. potatoes, boiled and mashed
1 carrot, 1 onion, 1 turnip or artichoke
Salt and pepper

Wash and trim the hearts, cutting away pipes and flaps, and cut in dice. Peel and dice vegetables and put with meat, celery, herbs and water into a pan. (Substitute a clove of garlic for the onion if preferred.) Add salt and pepper, put on lid and simmer for about two hours. Remove bunch of herbs.

Blend flour with a little stock and add to stew, stirring well. Cook a few minutes more.

Dispose the heart and vegetables in a serving dish and make a mound of potatoes round. Pour sauce over the meat, and scatter chopped parsley over potatoes.

FORCEMEAT BALLS

1½ tablespoonfuls shredded fat from steak or joint
½ teaspoonful mixed herbs
Milk to mix
1 dessertspoonful chopped parsley
4 tablespoonfuls breadcrumbs
Salt and pepper

Mix ingredients together and bind with milk.

SAVOURY BLACK PUDDING

1 lb. black pudding
3-4 carrots
½ lb. potatoes
1 meat cube
1 teaspoonful chopped sage
1 or 2 onions or leeks
2 tablespoonfuls flour
¾ pint water or vegetable water
Salt and pepper

Remove skin from pudding, and cut into slices. Peel and slice potatoes and carrots. Arrange potato and carrot slices in the bottom of the casserole, next placing a layer of pudding slices and next a scattering of chopped onion and sage, salt and pepper. Continue layers until ingredients are used up.

Dissolve meat cube in the water (hot); blend flour with a little of the liquid and when smooth stir in.

SAUSAGE BATTER

3 sausages (halves) or ½ lb. beafsteak (9 cubes). For batter:—¼ lb. flour; ¼ teaspoonful of salt; ½ pint household milk; ½ teaspoonful bicarbonate soda; 1 teaspoonful vinegar.

Dissolve soda in milk. Stir slowly into flour, which you have mixed with the salt, and add vinegar. Put the sausage or meat in a greased baking tin, pour batter over and bake about ¾ hour. Serve with a good gravy.

By Harriet Muir

Don't Mean Stodgy

Pour liquor into the casserole, cover and cook three-quarters to one hour in a moderate oven; or cook on top of the fire if the oven is not in use.

STEWED TRIPE WITH CELERY

1½ lb. dressed tripe	¾ pint water or vegetable water
1 oz. dripping	1 oz. flour
1 head celery	¼ pint household milk
1 onion or 1 clove garlic	Salt and pepper

Cut tripe in two-inch squares, and put in saucepan with dripping. Put on the lid and cook ten minutes over low heat, shaking occasionally to prevent burning.

Now cut up the celery small, also the onion, and add them with the water. Bring all to the boil, and simmer gently for one and three-quarters to two hours. Mix flour smoothly with a little cold water. Add the milk (hot) and blend thoroughly before adding to the contents of the saucepan. Cook a further few minutes, stirring, and season well with salt and pepper.

LIVER LOAF

1½ lb. liver	½ oz. flour
1 good-sized onion or leek	¼ pint household milk
½ oz. dripping	2 oz. mashed potatoes

Salt and pepper

Cut liver and mince into thin slices. Fry them lightly in dripping. Chop them up finely. Use the fat, flour and milk to make a thick gravy.

To it add the liver, onions and potato, seasoning well with salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly together and shape into a roll. Put in a greased baking-tin and bake about forty-five minutes.

Hot, boiled red cabbage or beetroot will make an excellent accompaniment to this dish.

HERB PUDDING

2 lb. greens (savoy, cabbage, spinach, or anything in season)	1 cup oatmeal
	1 chopped onion
	1 oz. margarine
1 cup barley	Salt and pepper

Chop greens finely, mix with barley and oatmeal, tie in a cloth and leave to soak in cold water overnight. When ready to use, add onion, margarine, salt and pepper. Mix well, press into a greased pie-dish or bowl, and either bake in the oven or steam.

Two-In-Family

A Ministry of Food cookery expert has a one-month plan for that difficult problem—the meat ration in a household of two.

This is how she orders at home for herself and her husband. First week—just under 1 lb. of chuck steak and two or three small neck chops. Second week—half a small shoulder of lamb.

Third week—two small neck chops and about 1 lb. of freshly minced beef. Fourth week—a piece of boneless best end of brisket. Sometimes, of course, one must take what comes, if the butcher is unable to supply one particular cut. Her first week's ration was, I thought, managed in a particularly ingenious way, so I asked her to give some of her recipes in full.

1 STUFFED ROLLED STEAK

Slit it with a sharp knife to the outer edge, leaving just enough to hold it in one piece. Beat it with a wooden spoon.

Now make a stuffing of:—

1 teacupful bread scraps (soaked and squeezed)	1 teaspoonful lemon substitute
1 tablespoonful chopped parsley	2 tablespoonfuls melted dripping or finely chopped meat fat
½ teaspoonful mixed herbs	Pepper and salt

Spread on meat, roll up and tie firmly with string.

Put in a fireproof dish and just cover with vegetable water slightly thickened with gravy powder. Add sliced vegetables, and cook over the fire for forty-five minutes or in the oven for one hour.

Serve with green vegetables and potatoes.

2 BEEF MACARONI

1 breakfastcupful macaroni	1 minced onion or clove of garlic
3 or 4 tomatoes	4 heaped tablespoonfuls of grated cheese
1 tablespoonful margarine	

1 breakfastcupful water or stock

Melt margarine in pan, add onion and sliced tomatoes. Simmer till tender, gradually adding liquid. Put in slices of left over stuffed rolled steak and simmer till hot through.

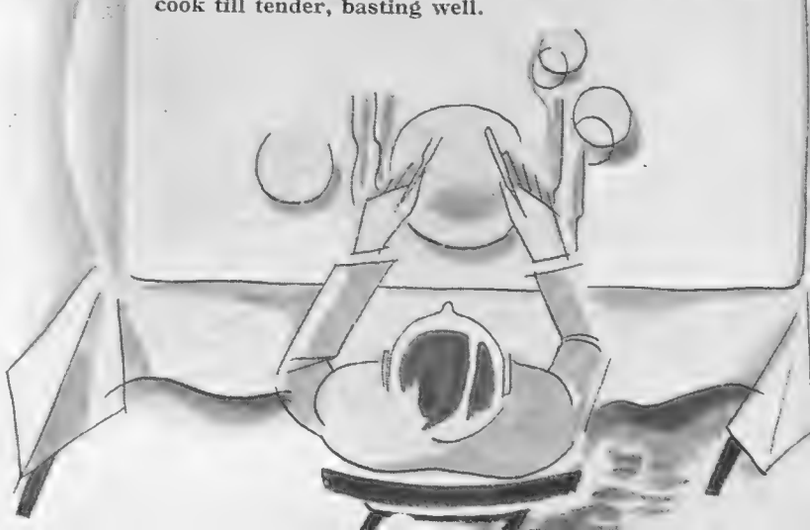
Meanwhile boil macaroni twenty minutes in fast-boiling salted water, drain and put aside to keep hot, with cheese sprinkled over.

Dish meat round macaroni and pour the sauce over it.

3 STUFFED CABBAGE

Parboil a large cabbage in salted water. Drain, separate the leaves and stuff with left over beef macaroni.

Press leaves together, tie cabbage round and put in a deep fireproof dish with a little fat, two to three spoonfuls of cabbage water and salt and pepper. Put on lid and cook till tender, basting well.



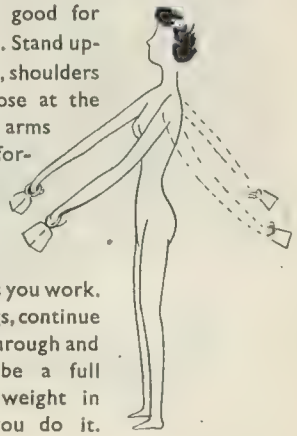
Manual Workers

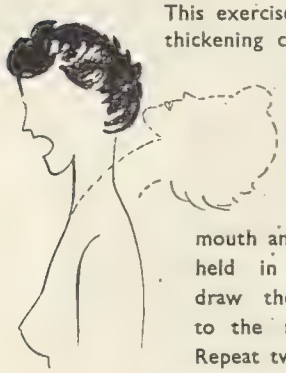
If your daily war work is of the sterner kind you need relaxing exercises to keep the body supple and the muscles flexible

Lie flat and close your eyes, breathing deeply and evenly. Concentrate one by one on all the muscles of the body, relaxing each as you think of it. Let the neck muscles go slack and loose. Follow with one hand and arm. Now the other hand and arm, and so on down to the toes. This needs practice. Hold the relaxed position for at least ten minutes. Be a piece of putty.

Do this one before you get into bed. It starts the process of relaxation: Stand upright, feet apart. Raise arms above head, then relax everything and flop loosely forward and downwards until the finger-tips reach the floor. Do the movement in rag doll fashion. Raise up and repeat six times. Breathe in as you raise the arms, out as you flop forwards.

This exercise is good for balance generally. Stand upright, stomach in, shoulders down, arms loose at the sides. Swing the arms backwards and forwards with relaxed shoulder muscles, breathing in and out deeply as you work. After a few swings, continue the movement through and over to describe a full circle. Hold a weight in each hand as you do it.

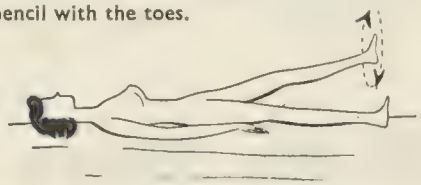




This exercise is good for a thickening chin. Stand with chin drawn in. Open the mouth wide and let the head fall backwards. Now close the mouth and, with the chin held in tightly, slowly draw the head upwards to the natural position. Repeat twelve times.

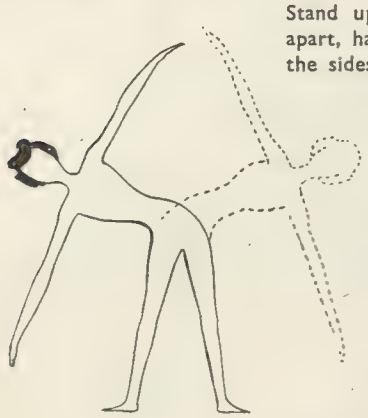
To prevent thickening of the waist and spreading seat: Stand upright with feet apart and hands hanging loose. Bend forward with the body relaxed and carry the trunk round to the left, bending backwards as you go and continuing until you have described a full circle. Breathe in and out slowly and deeply as you move. Keep relaxed with the stomach held in.

People who stand at their work need foot exercises to strengthen the arches and prevent congestion around the ankles. Hold the leg off the ground. Rotate the foot clockwise six times, then anti-clockwise six times more. Repeat with the other foot. In the bedroom when your feet are bare, try picking up a pencil with the toes.



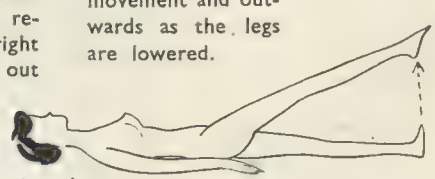
Sedentary Workers

If you sit at your war work your body and circulation need stimulation. These exercises done regularly each day will achieve this

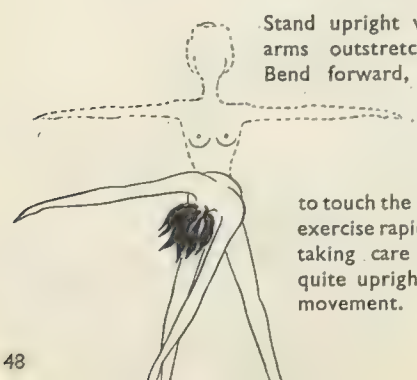


Stand upright with the feet apart, hands outstretched at the sides. Bend slowly over to the left and keeping chin and stomach drawn in, touch the floor with the finger tip if possible. Raise up again and repeat on the right side. Breathe out as you go down, in as you come up.

Lie flat on the floor with the feet together. Keep the arms on the floor and raise one leg upwards as high as possible. Slowly lower again and repeat with the other leg. After three times with each do the exercise with both legs together. Breathe in deeply with the upward movement and outwards as the legs are lowered.

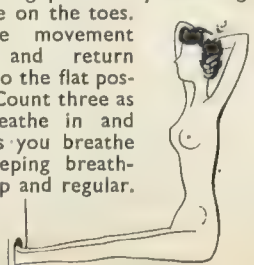


Stand erect with finger tips on the shoulders. In this position raise the elbows as high as possible until they are level with the top of your head. Now lower them to the first position. Breathe in with the upward movement and out with the lowering one. This is one of the best exercises known for the shoulder and breast line.

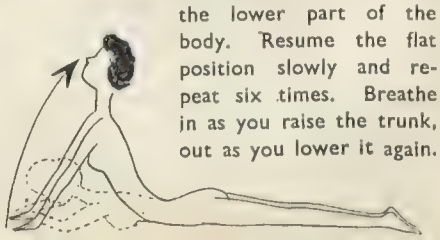


Stand upright with the feet apart, arms outstretched to the sides. Bend forward, bringing the right hand down to touch the left toe. Raise up again and bring the left arm to touch the right toe. Repeat this exercise rapidly a number of times, taking care to bring the body quite upright after each bending movement.

Lie flat with the toes hooked under a chair or a piece of heavy furniture. Put the hands behind the head and draw up to a sitting posture by exerting pressure on the toes. Do the movement slowly and return slowly to the flat position. Count three as you breathe in and three as you breathe out, keeping breathing deep and regular.



Lie face downwards on the floor with your hands flat on the floor in front of you. With the hands, push the trunk strongly upwards and backwards as high as possible, without raising the lower part of the body. Resume the flat position slowly and repeat six times. Breathe in as you raise the trunk, out as you lower it again.



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The "To-day" not To-morrow League

(*Continued from page 13*)

show topsy-turvy alike from their long-term intentions and their closer-up ones. Dr. Funk's definition still holds the field for clarity: "The peace time economy (of Europe) must guarantee the Greater German Reich a maximum of security and to the German people a maximum consumption of goods, in order to increase their welfare. European economics must be directed towards this end." And, in fact, they are being so directed in large measure already. By de-industrialising the rest of Europe, the Master Race is coming into existence right and left. That it offers specious attractions to certain countries, makes it doubly necessary that an international organisation shall be summoned into being in order to pitch the whole New Order down the sink, and start anew. Nations working separately could never get anywhere with so enormous a proposition.

NEXT there are the first steps to be taken towards relief and reconstruction. This is the job which was ineffectively done in 1919-20-21, because the Council of Supply and Relief had to set to work of a sudden "without the assistance of a staff accustomed to work together and without either the uniting force of the war or the tradition of united action which that force had given to the war organisations." This is the Royal Institute of International Affairs speaking, and it goes on to say that Hoover's preponderantly American show proved ineffective if only because it had not competence in matters of transport and finance on which supply and relief depend. One of the big arguments for starting the New Geneva *now*, from London, where every one is collected, concerns this matter of the relief and supplying of Europe. Sir Samuel Hoare latterly told us how even some of our best friends in Hitler's Europe still doubt if the United Nations can materially come to their aid in time, and he added that resistance in Europe would be greatly strengthened if Hitler's victims knew of the existence of a real international organisation ready to go instantly to their succour.

The Institute which aims at being a scientific, non-political concern, says pointedly: "The first steps we take after resuming our broken contacts with Europe will largely determine our later course of action." In other words, these original steps will lead directly on to the New Geneva. The Institute agrees with Mr. Eden's two governing principles: "First, the receipt of financial and economic aid must not result in the loss of independence for any country. Secondly, any form of assistance or guidance given to a country unpractised in the art of self-government must be such as to help it achieve its own development."

How are any such aims to be realised without a new attempt at a League, and why should it not be launched now in order to consolidate effort and opinion in our favour, in terrorised Europe? It isn't as if there wasn't the machinery lying ready to hand. What is off the mark is that it is lying in various corners apparently marked "to be used at a subsequent date." Why not T.N.T., as Mr. Lyttelton says? Why not To-day not To-morrow?

There is the Inter-Allied Bureau which was heralded with a flourish at St. James's Palace in mid-1941. Who has heard of it since? Yet its reason of existence is precisely this work of immediate relief and reconstruction in Europe! Or, wait, I believe it has met once since—to debate another matter intimately connected with the World Court of Justice which likewise must be tried out again within the framework of a New Geneva—the retribution to be paid by the Nazi leaders and rank and file for all their crimes and bestialities. The Germans of 1914-18 were almost civilised by comparison, yet a great to-do was made about trying them, from the Kaiser down. That came to nothing and unless proper arrangements are made in advance, Nazis may be able to escape as their fathers did. There are still neutrals to take them in, provided the fugitives have fat balances, and far better aircraft to take them immense distances.

The Inter-Allied Bureau based on London is by no means the only mechanism standing ready to hand for incorporating in a new League system to be launched preferably before the war is over. Other important machinery is available at Princeton, U.S.A., in the Economic and Finance Departments of the late League, and at Montreal, where the League Health Organisation and International Labour Office still carry on. Of the major social services which used to be worked from Geneva, the Transport Section seems to be the chief one missing. The Drug Section presumably has been absorbed into Health, while the Purity side (white slaves and indecent literature) might well be dispensed with. One's ideas of each vary so from land to land.

The Health people are all in favour of mechanism being set afoot now and they have good reason. Says their Dr. MacKenzie: "During the three years following the last war more individuals died from famine and preventible diseases than were killed in the war itself." This implies another 7,000,000 deaths during 1919-20-21, more of them in the Russian famine than anywhere else. As worse is anticipated after this war, one cannot fail to agree with the doctor when he demands the creation now of the machinery "whereby this gigantic human tragedy can best be met." This machinery "must be completed and not merely begun with the advent of peace."

THE same applies to all sorts of things I have been suggesting. For instance, it applies also to Lease-Lend with its vital projection; Article Seven of the Atlantic Charter. This Art. 7 has well been picked out as the main hope of to-morrow, for it lays down that the terms and conditions of benefits arising from Lease-Lend:

> "Shall be open to participation by all other countries of like mind, directed to the expansion, by appropriate international and domestic measures, of production, employment, and the exchange and consumption of goods, which are the material foundations of the welfare of all peoples; to the elimination of all forms of discriminatory treatment in international commerce, and to the reduction of tariffs and other trade barriers and, in general, to the attainment of all the economic objectives set forth in the joint declaration of August 12, 1941, by the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom."

The Charter has been criticised for its never having been enlarged upon since its inception, despite repeated requests made among others by Hitler's victims. Realisation of Art. 7, let alone the full Charter, is almost enough work for an entire new League.

The calling into being of such an organism during the conflict would meet much of the scepticism directed at the Charter, and it would put many new nails in the New Order's coffin.

The more you observe the present and its logical development, the more reasons one finds for the establishing of the New Geneva before peace comes, and not *after*.

And here is another reason why a transport policy for post-war should be set afoot now and not when the problem hits us plumb in the eye. Have you ever thought of the fearful clogging of the roads, railways, canals, etc., of Europe when all Hitler's victims want to return home? Why, there are 6,000,000 of them in Germany alone, and that's not taking into account immense forced migrations of Poles, Jews, Balkans, Balts, and so on. Unless some form of central agency is created to resettle Europe as its rightful owners wish to live, chaos will be invited and we have been warned of what that may lead to: the break-down of civilised order on the Continent.

END

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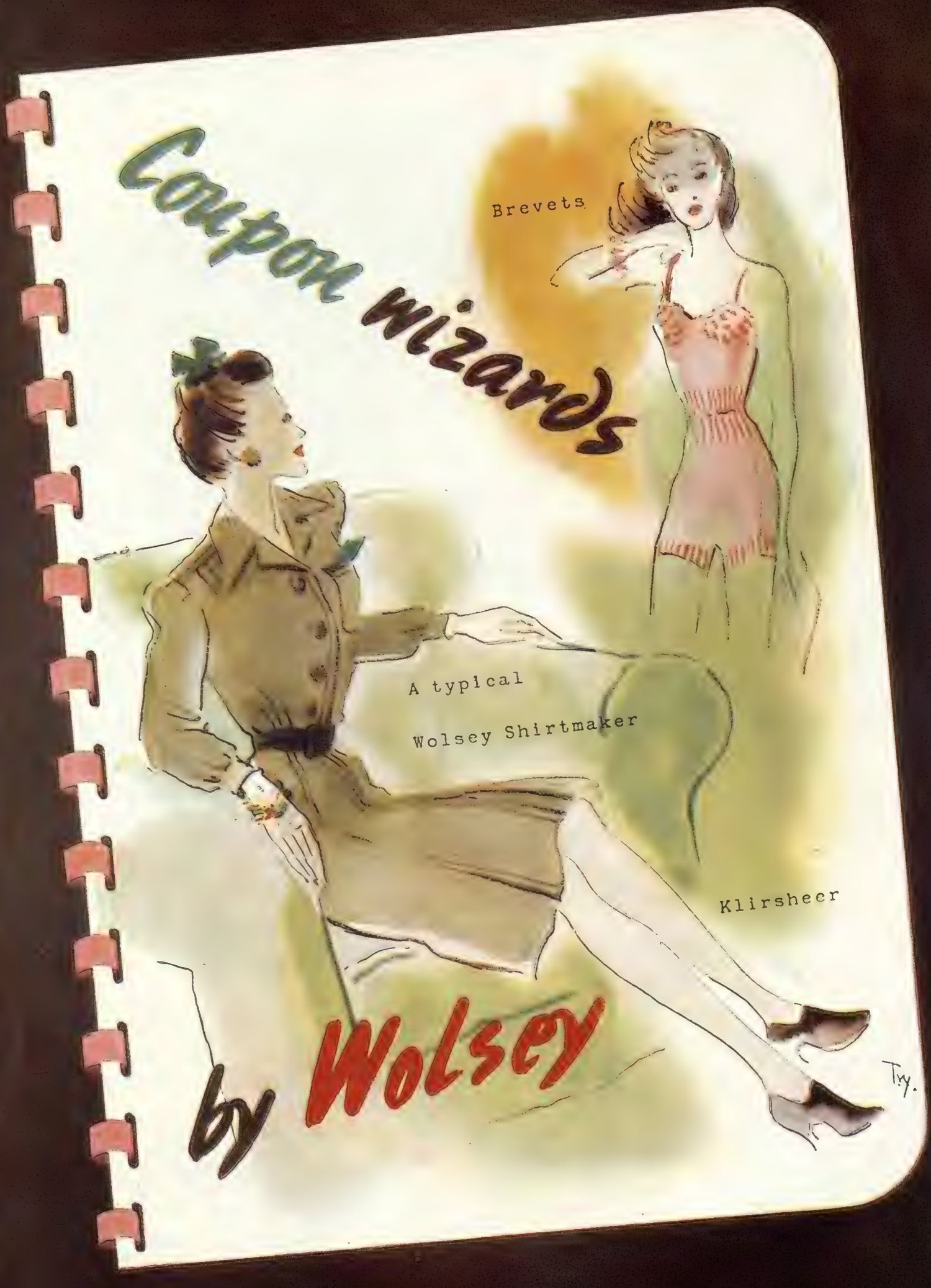
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Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

solitary confinement like a common criminal.

Directly Bartolomeo arrived he, too, was arrested and imprisoned in another boat. All communication between the brothers was strictly forbidden. This was bad enough; but even so, not so bad as Columbus had expected. A man like Bobadilla was capable of sending him straight to the gallows.

Without further delay, the vessels set out for Spain. As the coastline fell below the horizon the captain of the ship containing Columbus, together with a man called Villejo, who had been put in charge of him, came down to visit the prisoner. Their faces expressed the indignation they felt at being involved in such a disgraceful affair. They knew that the treatment which Columbus had received would shock the world and, therefore, suggested that they should remove the chains which bound him. Columbus declined the offer in the following words: "No. The King and Queen commanded me to submit to any penalty that Bobadilla might inflict upon me. In their name he has put me in chains. I shall wear them until they themselves order me to take them off, and I shall treasure them as memorials of the recompense I have received for my services."

The voyage was smooth and short, for the caravels entered the harbour of Cadiz on November 25, 1500.

NOT even the first arrival of Columbus in Spain after his great discovery caused as much excitement as the news that he had been sent back in chains. Far and wide spread the tidings of this disgusting act.

The Admiral wrote to the Queen immediately on arrival. It was a long and severe indictment that defied all argument and exposed the facts as they existed.

Both the King and Queen were at Granada, and had already heard something of the wave of public indignation. The Queen soon realized how foolish she had been to give such unlimited power to a bungler like Bobadilla. She had never intended him to resort to any such measures as he had taken. The court of Spain would become a laughing-stock, and Spanish prestige would incur a stain that could hardly be effaced. Already across the frontiers it was being said that Spain had forfeited all claim to human decency. In Italy there were public riots, for in that country Christopher Columbus was a national hero.

A courier was sent to Cadiz with an order for the three brothers to be immediately released, and an invitation for Columbus to come to court.

When he appeared before the King and Queen emotion overtook the Admiral. He who had been so strong and patient through all his adversities broke down and sobbed on the steps of the throne. When he recovered, their Majesties mollified him with promises and kind words. And on these he was to live for the rest of his life. . . .

In May, 1502, with four small caravels, he again set sail. He had been fully reinstated and Bobadilla had been recalled; but on the Queen's friendly request, Columbus decided not to return to Hispaniola. However, on reaching Martinique he found that one of his vessels was in such bad condition that it had to go to Hispaniola for repairs. There he was forbidden access to the harbour. An impending storm compelled him to repeat the request; and again he was refused. Meanwhile, in the harbour of Hispaniola, lay a fleet that was just about to set sail for Spain. On board were the whole collection of Columbus's enemies, including Roldan and Bobadilla, who had with them an immense hoard of treasure.

The Admiral had sent a boat ashore advising the governor not to risk a departure in the face of the storm that was brewing. But his warning was disregarded.

The fleet put out into the open sea—and like Nemesis the hurricane broke. Under Columbus's very eyes, almost the whole fleet capsized. Bobadilla and all his rascally following were drowned like rats. Strange as it may seem, the only vessel which succeeded in reaching Spain had on board the gold allotted to Columbus as his share of the original contract! (It is not remarkable that these ingots never came into *his* possession.)

His own ships were undamaged, so he proceeded to Honduras, Nicaragua, and then across the Caribbean to Jamaica, passing from misadventure to misadventure, inadequately equipped and often nearly starving. At last he got back to Spain with his new discoveries properly charted and described.

In November, 1504, he landed at the harbour of San Lucas. For him this was the end of his career, for he never again stepped on board a ship.

Three weeks later Queen Isabella died. She had been almost his only staunch friend, and he was too ill to go and see her before she died.

Broken by age, infirmity and disappointment, he wrote several times to King Ferdinand, reminding him of the terms of the pact, which had never been fulfilled, but received no answer. For a year and a half he struggled along on loans, living in a single small room at Valladolid. And all the time ship after ship was unloading gold from the New World that he had discovered.

On May 21, in perfect possession of all his faculties, he closed his eyes for the last time. The last gesture he made was to point to the chains that he had always kept hanging on the wall of his room. His silent meaning must have been: In a little while, no more chains for me.

Centuries afterwards, gorgeous monuments were erected to his memory in Spain and other parts of the world—in the usual way in which mankind tries to repair the sins of omission, ignorance and ingratitude.

The whole life and career of Christopher Columbus might well be epitomised in four words: genius, misery, glory, martyrdom.

END

Farewell Performance (*Continued from page 19*)

second cable was addressed to Jimmy himself. She was far too happy to worry as to what the second cable might mean. Jimmy was coming home. Jimmy was safe. That was all that mattered. The train steamed slowly into the station and stopped. Anxiously she watched the stream of passengers hurrying along the platform. Then, suddenly, with a cry that was half of laughter and half of tears, she ran forward to meet him.

IT was some hours later when they were sitting in a restaurant having lunch that she remembered the second cable.

"D'you mind opening it for me, darling?" he said. "I'm not very clever with one hand and this sling is sure to go into the soup."

Smiling, she slit the envelope and pushed the contents across the table.

Jimmy looked at the words in front of him. "I'll read it to you. It's from the squadron," he said. "Listen! 'We don't mind you going home but you might have the decency to give us a farewell party first instead of being fished out of the drink by a destroyer going non-stop to the land of home and beauty. Happy landings from the boys you left behind you. P.S. You hit it!'"

Jimmy laughed. "Nice work, if you can get it," he said.

END

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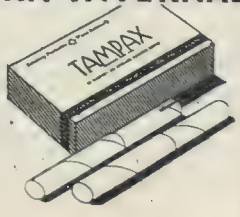

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A Son of France

(*Continued from page 28*)

with the sweet exotic odour of wild papaya.

Instead of giving François a guide's freedom, the officers made him walk third in the file, where he was hemmed in both ways; and always one of them had the leash chain snapped to his military belt. François noticed that they were blazing trail on the palms and bamboo, and he knew what this meant. They didn't intend to use him on the return trip. They intended to dispose of him when he got them to Barracuda. What was one Frenchman more or less, if it helped cover their back trail?

François was amused, in a hard way, by their great care to see that he didn't escape. He had no wish whatever to escape. If they had taken off the handcuffs and ordered him to get back home, he would have pleaded to stay with them.

At the short rest stops he tried to listen in and find out the secret of the swastika, but he knew only a few barrack words of German, and he picked up nothing.

By mid-morning the trade wind had stopped blowing across the roof of the jungle, and the first wisps of sea fog were sifting through the *bosque*. After an hour of broken showers the tropic rain came on, in a steady, white downpour. The Germans got out hooded cover-alls of some black thin stuff, and pushed ahead.

To François, as he strode along with them, they seemed like dark and hooded figures from the legions of Mephistopheles, who were having their little day of power but would surely be chased back to their caverns. And perhaps this time the cave-mouths would be closed and walled up for all the ages. Aye, they would surely pass. Then France would be free again, and life would be sweet again for all men.

In a violent squall just before noon they reached the low crest midway between Ceiba Cove and Barracuda. Major Habicht consulted François. "How long"—he cupped his hands against the wind and the thrash of the jungle—"will this damnable storm last?"

"This spasm will kick over soon, but the rain won't stop till the cool after sundown."

"Then find us shelter a while here."

After a little circling round, François found a small bat cave, in an outcropping of ancient sea rock, where he once had roasted a young wild pig.

The Germans got out food and ate, from black-lined cans. François leaned back against the rock and gazed out into the blinding smother. When the officers had finished eating and had lit cigarettes, he asked Habicht :—

"Would it do any harm, Herr Major, for me to know what is yonder at the black swastika?"

Habicht thought it over. With a wink at the Bavarian captain, he finally said : "If I tell you, will you promise not to give the secret away to anybody?"

The Germans all laughed. The joke in Habicht's remark was that a dead man would tell no tales.

Habicht said : "D'you know who Captain Wolf Guenther is, Frenchman?"

François nodded. Wolf Guenther, the submarine commander, was one of those half-dozen aces of the Nazi navy who had exhibited a genius for shark work. Dispatched to the western Atlantic, he had been the scourge of the Caribbean, till a Yankee bomber caught his boat surfacing at dusk, in north Mona waters, and blew it to bits. Two injured German crew had been brought in to Sailors Bane, and the Yankee major stationed there had positively identified the destroyed U-boat.

"Well!" Habicht said. "At that black swastika is Captain Guenther, Frenchman. We came across the Atlantic to get him and fly him home."

François stiffened. Here was the scent of big game! He objected. "But, Herr Major——"

"I know; you think Wolf Guenther is dead. Well, he's far from it. He got ashore from that bombing, and he's living over there in a deserted jungle shack. He got word out, and we came for him in a hurry, before the Yankees pick him off. Guenther is a great prize, de Bru."

"A very great prize, Herr Major," François agreed. The whole mysterious trip of the Luftwaffers suddenly made sense to him. Wolf Guenther was worth a dozen such trips, to the Boche. He was worth a battleship. A panzer division.

Leaning back against the rock again, François swiftly recast his plans. So far those plans had concerned only his five captors. He had been intending that these air officers—who undoubtedly had had a hand in the Luftwaffe's cruel sport over Rotterdam, Warsaw, London and the capital of the magnificent Serbs—should die before the night fell. But now this did not seem enough. Besides destroying them, he wanted to deliver Captain Wolf Guenther to the Yankees.

He believed he could do this.

As he stared into the welter of rain and jungle, the prospect of striking this tremendous blow against the Boche made him feel happier than at any time in his long exile. He'd be a soldier of France again, fighting for her. The musty law and the musty old men who'd said he could nevermore be a son of France—but what did it matter what they said? Would it not make up for all the years on the Island of the Lost if he could join, as a humble poilu, that host who had served France gloriously, down the ages? Aye, the thunder of their names. Martel! Lafayette! And above all, the girl Jeanne!

Habicht crooked a finger at François and ordered : "Come here." He got out the map again. "From here to Barracuda, what kind of going do we have?"

François answered cautiously—what he knew and the Germans didn't know was all that was keeping him alive. "The going is about the same as up the south slope. The same jungle and the same rain. We go straight down to the Bay and then turn west to the swastika."

"Can't you tell us the route in detail?"

François again sidestepped. "Every yard of this jungle is like every other yard, Herr Major. I can take you but I can't *tell* you."

He gave the chart back to Habicht and stood up. "We'd better be going on, storm or none. It's a long tramp down to Barracuda, and we've got to reach there by dark. In this soup the jungle will be bad enough by day. By night the devil with a lantern couldn't travel it."

IN the murky twilight that evening, after fighting all afternoon through the rain-smothered jungle, they came within sound of the sea, struck a trail, and turned west on it.

The trail was wide enough for them to walk three abreast. In front, with Habicht on one side and the Bavarian captain on the other, François swung along with his head high and *The Bridge at Nantes* on his lips. He had taken off his rain-sodden beret and was carrying it, like a poilu coming victoriously home at last. A great exultant happiness flooded him, like an unexpected burst of sunshine at the end of a long day. No more exile, no more prison or danger of prison, and this thundering blow for France—aye, *le bon Dieu* was being infinitely good to François de Bru.

He pointed to a break in the jungle ahead. "We're quite close, Herr Major. Across that deserted clearing and through the palm thickets beyond it—but a glance at the map, please, before the light fails. *Merci.*"

He took the map and marched along as though studying it. But his eyes were sharply watching the opening ahead. And he was humming the buoyant, challenging lines :—

"Allons, enfants de la patrie!
Le jour de glorie est arrivé."

Just a pace from the clearing edge he suddenly stuck the map inside his wet beret, and with a two-handed heave he sent beret and map sailing far out into the clearing. Then, as the Germans swung their guns on him, he cried : "This is how Frenchmen collaborate with

(*Continued on page 56*)

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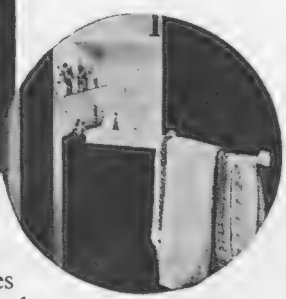

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In harmony with Governmental wishes for Utility Household Textiles VANTONA are now producing UTILITY Towels and Blankets. These will still carry the Vantona name tab and should be selected for their fine quality and long life.

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★ *Always look for the VANTONA Name Tab*

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Ready for Anything

Yes, he'll be ready for the future when the world has turned the corner. His parents made sure when they brought him up on COW & GATE Milk Food. By maintaining supplies, COW & GATE offers the same precious hope for your baby too.

Send threepence in stamps to COW & GATE LTD. (Dept.B.E), Guildford, for pattern of this attractive cap

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"Babies love it."

BRONCHIAL BABY

grows into

'BONNY CHILD'

IF your youngster is inclined to be "chesty" start now with POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE. Many a bronchial child has rapidly "grown out" of the complaint thanks to the wonderful properties of this old-fashioned remedy. Simply wonderful in Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, congestion, etc. Thousands have used it on the advice of the family doctor.

Easy and pleasant to administer—just burn a little in a saucer during the sleeping hours. All Chemists, Herbalists and Stores 2/2 per tin (incl. pur. tax) or 2/5 post free from makers:—

POTTER & CLARKE LTD. (Dept. BE)
60/64 Artillery Lane, London, E.1

Boche!" and he lunged out with a bare foot and kicked a wire.

The wire was stretched across the path between two ebony saplings.

WHEN Corporal Marcos came riding along the trail in the cheerful sunshine of the next morning, he reined up short at a great gaping hole by the edge of François de Bru's clearing. The two saplings had been whiffed away like straws, the near palms flattened, the jungle shredded for yards in every direction.

At the hut in the open, François's doves were cooing round the door, unfed.

"*Maldito!*" Marcos breathed. "What have we here?"

Bewildered, the corporal rose in his stirrups and stared all around. Out in the clearing, in François's arbor of thorn guavas, he saw something white dangling. It looked like paper, and it was safely beyond the area of carnage—as though somehow put there. The thought struck Marcos that it might be some message for him, and he rode around to the guava bushes and reached over for it.

The paper, he saw, was a map, of waterproofed linen. It showed Ceiba Cove. It showed the jungle and Barracuda and the ridge that made compass needles spin crazily. But its most prominent mark was a

A Son of France

black swastika over on Barracuda Bay.

The swastika suggested that the chart was German, and suspicion seized Marcos. This mysterious thing might be of importance the very highest. He must take it with speed to the Yankee major at Sailors Bane, who would know what it meant.

As he put the chart carefully into his pocket, Marcos saw a blue beret hanging in the guava foliage. For moments he gazed at it, with understanding eyes. The beret, the doves and the quiet of the clearing told him that François was not now in danger of the old morro at All Saints; and in a vague way he knew that François was speaking to him with this map. Somehow his friend had flung it safely out of the explosion, in order to tell him a tale with it.

Piously crossing himself, Marcos sat there a short while in the golden sun, saying a little prayer for his friend. He felt that his friend at least was no longer an exile and outcast. Remembering the fine, hard courage he had glimpsed in François, and the man's bottomless loyalty to his France, he felt sure that François de Bru, Devil's Islander, was now with that shining host he'd sometimes mentioned. Martel! Lafayette! And the girl Jeanne!

END

The Flying Squirrel (*Continued from page 42*)

they awakened they made up for lost time.

The two squirrels were often in trouble over one thing and another, but the flight lieutenant did not mind when they stole his handkerchiefs and hid them in his boots, or when they bit holes in the blue gloves knitted for him by his mother. He wrote a large notice: SQUIRRELS AT LARGE, and pinned it on his door. All this time terrible things were happening to the men who fought. While Fortnum and Mason ate well and reached a weight of six ounces apiece—which was an excellent weight for a young red squirrel—the guns were thundering and the bombs were screaming through the air.

France collapsed. The B.E.F. retreated to the sea, and the squirrels retreated also with the R.A.F.

Dunkirk . . . the eyes of the world were on Dunkirk. History will tell of the deeds of brave men fighting against enormous odds; of heroes; of undaunted men who died; and of valiant men who lived to bring home the tale. And I would like history to include a footnote of two red squirrels who, being untutored in the affairs of man, were gay harum-scarums under fire, flaunting their youthful tails and shaking their merry faces at every bomb that crumped.

The flight lieutenant never forgot his squirrels. He planned for their safety. If both Fortnum and Mason had died in that final dangerous evacuation they would not have lived in vain. Their cheerful spirits, their mischievous pranks and their hilarious squirrel parties had been more entertainment to the officers of the R.A.F. than a concert or a theatre. Their frolics, their idiotic games, their gleeful brown faces—these had been encouragement and fun.

Since this is a true story I must tell how one of those two—brother and sister—died. One of those fairy-hearted squirrels never reached the shores of England. The flight lieutenant planned that Mason should make the hazardous journey by boat while Fortnum should cross the Channel by plane. Which journey would be the more perilous? No man could say. He was a wise man to halve the risks, for indeed he might have lost both; and yet you may reasonably argue that the lives of both squirrels might have been saved. So the two squirrels romped together for the last time. They shared the same chuckles of mischief; they shared the same crust of bread. And then the hour had come for the brother and sister to part.

You must not think that they said goodbye with tears and wet handkerchiefs. Between squirrels there is no sadness of farewell. Knowing now what came to pass, I, being no squirrel, could weep for them because I remember how "happiness is born a twin." Those two harum-scarums had stood for fun and cheerfulness, pluck and gaiety, and—most of all—for sanity in a topsy-turvy world.

Noise . . . such a dreadful noise on the last day. The flight lieutenant stuffed Fortnum into the pocket of his overalls and went out to his machine. Fortnum was accustomed to being pushed about. She snuggled down and was fast asleep when the flight lieutenant made a safe landing at an English aerodrome. No news came of Mason for a long, long time. When, at last, news came through, it was bad. Fortnum had lost her little brother. An enemy bullet had hit the furry body that measured no more than six inches from tip of nose to base of tail. "Killed in action," so they said. . . .

You will remember how Fortnum's birthplace was a tree in France. She was French from the ends of her whiskers to the tip of her tail. When she joined the Free French Forces in England no one ever disputed her nationality, but the R.A.F. sought her services as their unofficial mascot. She was a flying squirrel; she had been in the thick of the fight with the R.A.F. and won through. So the R.A.F. took her over enemy country, over occupied France, and over Germany. The giant bomber carrying the tiny squirrel dropped bombs on the busy industrial towns of Germany.

The long night flights were child's play to Fortnum, and not once in those strenuous days had she a single day's sick leave. But the flight lieutenant was taken off operational work. Fortnum had done her bit for her country, too, so the flight lieutenant decided to put her on the retired list. But who would take charge of a bombing squirrel?

One day I returned home from the office to find a margarine box in the kitchen. Inside the box was a perky-faced red squirrel, and on top of the box was a pencilled note from the flight lieutenant.

Fortnum was light-hearted and full of mischief. I took her down to a hut in the field where thirty rabbits were nibbling carrots and a boy squirrel looked suspiciously down at the newcomer from his nest-box aloft. Fortnum made friends with the rabbits on the first day, and with the boy squirrel after a fortnight. She bosses those rabbits; she bosses her boy friend. But in spite of her adventurous life she remains ever warm-hearted and loving; and Fortnum, the Flying Squirrel, did not forget to send her flight lieutenant a greetings telegram on his wedding day.

END

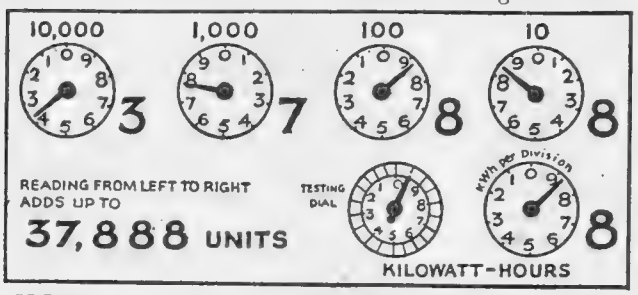
The BATTLE for FUEL

watch your meter

This is how to read your meter :—

Note :— Always read the SMALLER of two figures between which the pointer stands.

The test dial, usually red, is for testing purposes only, and should not be taken into account when reading the meter.



HOW TO CHECK YOUR ELECTRICITY CONSUMPTION EACH WEEK—Read your meter. Make a note of total. One week later, read it again and subtract the earlier reading.

By doing this you are able to see exactly the amount of electricity you are consuming.

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Weetabix is essentially the food for children. It is made of wheat, the *whole* of the wheat, and retains all of the valuable vitamins and mineral salts which make wheat the most sustaining of all cereals. It is delicious, easily digested and is ready to eat any time. Mothers who have seen how greatly their children enjoy Weetabix and how sturdy and strong they have become, always place Weetabix first on their "points" list.

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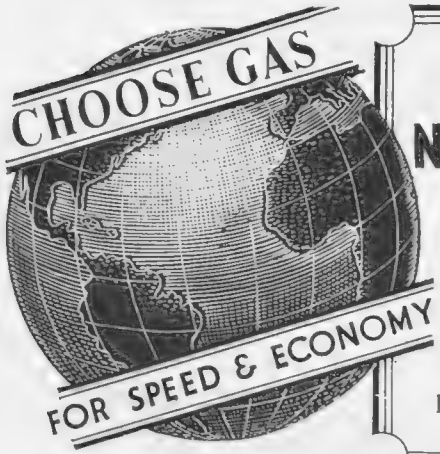

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The quickly made sweet — *Healthful — Delicious*

An unexpected treat in wartime — Little Miss Muffet Fruit Flavoured Junkets. Milk in its most digestible form. Nourishing, because made with milk. Healthful and delicious, because of their true fruit flavours. Yes, sugar (or saccharine) is required. Children love them. They look and taste so nice.

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for Baby's delicate skin
For clean, safe healing of all Baby's skin troubles, for sure protection against septic germs there's nothing more reliable than Cuticura Ointment. Keep a tin handy to free Baby from chafing, irritation or any little skin outbreak.
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"Now She MUST Carry On"

War will not wait on woman's weakness, nor need any woman "go sick" on account of periodic pains and headaches. Just take one or two A-K Tablets and you will be able to carry on as usual.

If you suffer from regular pain you must try A-K Tablets. They cost so little and bring such comfort that you owe it to yourself. They relieve pain in a few minutes and their effect is lasting. Join the thousands of women who have found A-K a safe, sure method of relieving periodic pain. Don't suffer another month. Get A-K Tablets to-day, and enjoy this freedom from pain.

NOTE.—A-K is how thousands of women ask for Anti-Kamnia brand Analgesic Tablets and if you say A-K your chemist will know. 1/5 *a box (Including Tax).*

The Flying Commando

(*Continued from page* 32)

darkness of the car outside the gate they heard other vehicles being started up.

"They are forming convoy—going to take us back to a headquarters, I guess," remarked Casham miserably. "Curse that ruddy compass."

All that night and all the next day the convoy bumped across the desert. During the second night Casham glimpsed the stars through the gun-shutters.

"Our course is due north—please God we'll get out of this sardine tin soon," he murmured.

They were plugging along over loose sand the next day when a series of orders broke up the convoy. They halted. The two prisoners sat listening, trying to translate the sounds. Casham's face suddenly brightened; above the noise of the clicking of machine-gun bolts was the burr of aircraft. It was, somehow, good to be a target for their own aircraft. Someone was putting a spoke in the insolent hauptmann's wheel. The burr changed in key, became higher in tone and nearer. They sat tense, the aircraft were diving, presently—presently—it would come.

HE had forgotten the Squirrel until the first rattle of bullets came; a gun was firing very near them. The girl gasped as the piercing shriek of a power-dive came to ear-splitting point, and then lessened into a querulous whine as the aeroplane pulled out.

Then he translated to her. "Another coming—line ahead—wonder if they're using armour-piercing—hear 'em go into the sand—'fraid they aren't doing much good."

The boom of a cannon interrupted him; then shouting. The flicker of flames danced through the narrow shutters. "Ah, got one, anyway." There was a whistle and he clenched the girl's hand. "Hold tight." A smothered roar and the car seemed to be lifted bodily and flung sideways. They sorted themselves out and waited. The drone of the aircraft was dim; German voices shouted orders. The door opened and the hauptmann's face peered in. Casham grinned as he saw that the man's forehead was bleeding and one arm hung limply.

The German cursed him and flung the door shut. What was left of the convoy got on the move again quickly, doubtless lest the raiders returned after bombing-up.

But their journey wasn't again interrupted; they pressed on by day and night until on the third day the prisoners noticed a change. They climbed and descended, the baked smell of sand no longer mixed with the petrol fumes, then suddenly they appeared to hop a jebel, and the air came fresh with a tang of salt water. Casham wondered if it was Tripoli. That afternoon they knew.

They were called out into the glare of sunshine on white buildings. The convoy had halted in a serai, the serried ranks of armoured cars lay where camels had rested for countless years.

They were thankful for the shade of an arched veranda, for the cool of a room behind a dripping *chik*. A senior German officer sat bolt upright behind a trestle table; Casham smothered a grin, the officer looked *so* German, stiff, wooden—like a toy soldier.

The hauptmann reported tersely: the senior officer turned swiftly on Casham.

"What port did you land at and when?"

"I am instructed to give my name and number, sir," the pilot replied.

"You use women to fight now," the German's lip curled, but his still blue eyes watched. "Women talk—or can be made to."

Casham flushed. That wooden face just begged to be bashed. "This is your woman?" the German continued.

"She is a British officer, and should be treated as such." Casham kept his voice level with an effort.

"The name of the port you landed, the names of your refuelling bases are required. You have two hours to give this information." The interrogating officer spoke sharply to the hauptmann. The Squirrel had followed the hauptmann when the senior officer called Casham.

"You understand that women are open to persuasion—you understand——"

"I understand you're a swine," Casham muttered.

The red marks of the German's fingers still tingled on the pilot's face when he overtook the girl.

"We shall be separated, keep cheerful—and silent," he managed to whisper before the hauptmann intervened.

The Squirrel gave him a smile which was meant to be reassuring. Casham was lodged in an upper room with a low roof and a barred window. He stood looking down into the serai and cursed. It was just his luck, to be taken prisoner, to be taken when they were really within reach of the desert patrols; to be taken with a girl like the little brown Squirrel. She was someone else's, of course, engaged to some bomber boy—but there she was, and in the devil of a hole. That Hun had it coming to him. Casham's hand clenched on the window bar; that Hun would get it even if it was just a square exchange—Casham's life for his.

But then there was the girl still. He cursed comprehensively in Arabic, a suitable vehicle for commination. The shadows lay long across the white of the serai, puppets strutted across its dust-powdered surface, strutted as if to the brazen blare of a German band. The call to prayer sounded from a near-by minaret, the *Adhan* that called the faithful half round the world. Casham was still staring unseeingly down into the serai when he was recalled to the presence of the interrogating officer.

The German sat stiff and immobile as if he had not moved.

"The name of the port and the names of the refuelling bases are required," he snapped.

"I am instructed to only give——" The Hun leaned forward and spat the words at him.

"The information, or the woman will be——"

The noise of a thud came from somewhere outside the room; Casham remembered it afterwards, but then he only saw a nasty face. He flew at that face, flung himself at it with two fists ahead of his body. He found the face—and stayed with it somewhere down beneath an upturned trestle table and in a corner.

Something dragged at his leg at one time, a single shot rang out just about then. He stayed with that face, unfeeling, unknowing ought else.

There was a lot more noise in that serai before three people drew Casham away from the battered interrogating officer. Shots, shouts, curses, and the strange, low whisper of life as it expires.

The blood mist that dimmed the pilot's eyes cleared slowly; he couldn't understand the voices, the uniforms around him.

"Any more English about? We're in a hurry." It was a squadron leader with a wrinkled brown face who made the demand.

"Yes—a girl. She's——"

Nuts, Cobtree jumped to it. "The Squirrel! Where? My God, if anything's happened to——"

"She's somewhere — sorry — I'm — " Casham tottered and someone held him. A whimper came from the corner and he tried to shake himself free.

Cobtree was outside and the serai boomed to his voice. "That Hun," muttered Casham slowly. "That Hun in the corner is a swine."

"You take it quietly, son," a colonial voice assured him. "We'll take him back with us—got a few vacant berths in the third-class of the First Flying Commando."

Bill Casham still thinks he's ruddy unlucky. The Squirrel is now Flight Officer Jane Cobtree; in Air Force messes in the Middle East Casham is known as "Casham the Bashem."

END

MOTHER, DO THIS for FRETFUL BABY

You have seen the difference between babies whose sleep is deep and unbroken and babies who are restless, cross, cry at night. In the former a steady, healthy growth; in the latter, weight at a standstill—perhaps even a few precious ounces lost. Guard against this, Mother! At the first sign you can suspect stomach upset. Food is soured. The small bowels are constipated. Cannot get rid of anything. No wonder baby cannot sleep.

The very minute these signs appear, give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Nothing else so gently and surely sweetens the little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, rids the small system of tormenting wind and soured matter. Then, when the digestion is regular and movements healthy, baby falls nightly into healthy, untroubled sleep. You will be delighted with the tale the scales tell—new ounces gained each week. 'Milk of Magnesia' is recommended by Doctors and Nurses everywhere as the gentle and safe laxative antacid for babies. You can get it everywhere, but be sure, Mother, to say 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia. Prices 1/5 and 2/10 (*including Purchase Tax*).

SMOKERS' 'FUR'

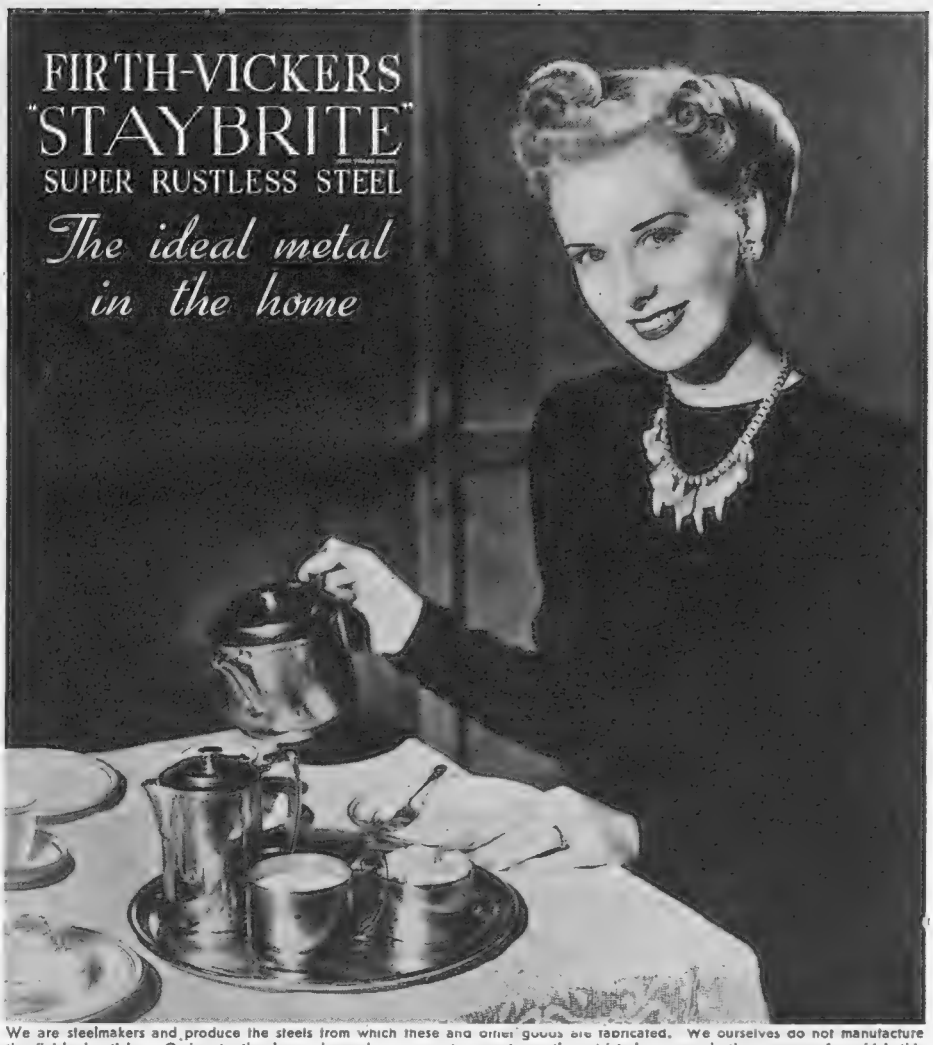
How to detect it— How to prevent it.

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth, do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Get a tube now and clean your teeth with it. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking.

Sold everywhere at 1/1d. and 1/10½d. a tube (including Purchase Tax). 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.



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THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

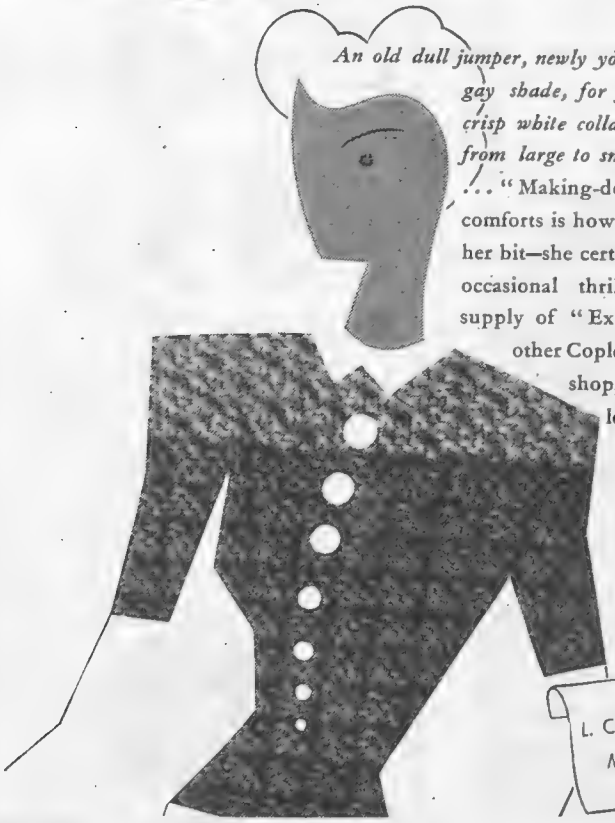
MIX YOUR HORLICKS WITH WATER ONLY – THE MILK IS ALREADY IN IT

Many people keep their Horlicks to have as a nightcap. It helps to ensure that deep, restful sleep which means abundant energy for the next day's work.

Fortunately, Horlicks makes no demands on the milk supply. The correct way to make a cup of Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with *water only*. The milk is already in it.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Our reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

Copley's Couplets of Knitwise Notions—



An old dull jumper, newly yoked with some gay shade, for finishing. Has crisp white collar; buttons too, from large to small diminishing . . . "Making-do" and making comforts is how the knitter does her bit—she certainly deserves the occasional thrill of finding a supply of "Excelsior" or some other Copley line at her wool-shop, and a new Copley leaflet to do it justice.

L. COPLEY-SMITH & SONS LTD.
MANCHESTER & LONDON

These Men Run America

(*Continued from page* 16)

Now he handles his toughest job. He is the nearest approach to what critics say Winston Churchill should have—a war minister who frames a national strategical plan in collaboration with the political chief, collaborates with the service chiefs in fitting the armed forces into the plan, and gears the plan to the grand strategy of the United Nations. When it's a question of who commands where, he has the last word—it goes into Roosevelt's ear, and comes out of Roosevelt's mouth.

Before he retired in 1939, Leahy was the Navy's highest ranking officer. That, along with his diplomatic experience, helps; for neither of the top men he has to handle in conference are exactly mild, acquiescent types.

The Annapolis class year-book for 1901 has this laconic comment on Ernest Joseph King: "Temper? Don't fool with nitro-glycerine." Sixty-three years old now, and six foot two high, the U.S. Navy's top man was one of the sailors who early recognised the vital importance of air power in the sea war set-up. He celebrated his forty-ninth birthday by qualifying as a naval aviator, and took on command of aircraft carriers. He doesn't need an air expert in conference: he knows it all at first hand.

THE Navy knows him as "Old Taut Ship"—that being U.S. navalese for an iron disciplinarian. When there was a shortage of armour-plate cutting equipment, a wit in the Navy Department suggested that they draft Admiral King, make him sore, and use his eye sparks in lieu of the oxy-acetylene.

Uncle Sam's General Number One, George C. Marshall, made his name as a lieutenant duly drafted for duty in the Philippines. Called on during manœuvres to suggest a defence plan, he astonished the general staff by taking paper and pencil, drafting a complete plan to meet the situation, and writing the operations orders, all in twenty minutes. The dazed commander-in-chief, recognising a master plan, sent back a special report asking that the attention of the War Minister be drawn to this brilliant young officer. "If he were made a general tomorrow," said the general, "I would serve under him with every confidence."

However, it was peace time, and seniority counted. Marshall hadn't reached field rank when he went to France in 1918. But those who know say, that if America had been in a war lasting years instead of months, Marshall would have finished in command: for he was the A.E.F.'s outstanding staff officer.

Marshall is not spectacular, like MacArthur. He is a team man, not a scintillating individualist. He is an unerring judge of men, and war situations. He has a slender, good-looking wife who is his inseparable companion off duty, and who keeps him young, and runs his important social life smoothly and sweetly. She enables him to save time and energy on conferences by being a hostess always in a state of "stand-to." Fifteen minutes before the chief leaves his office, his secretary phones Mrs. Marshall saying how many he's bringing to lunch or dine; and she is ready.

King will soon command a two-ocean navy, the world's biggest, and Marshall an army of ten millions, with an air fleet to fit—the Air Force comes under the Army chief's hand in the American system.

The weapons, equipment, munitions, clothes, machines, and etceteras for the whole colossal war organisation, come under the pudgy but strong hand of a man who at first glance—except for his impressive height—looks like Sinclair Lewis's Mr. Babbit, in person.

This is Don Nelson, product of English-Irish-Scots stock, a big-shouldered, quiet, soft-voiced, shrewd-eyed, fifty-two, son of a locomotive engineer. Aiming at a career teaching chemistry, he got as far as a degree in chemical engineering, on the way to his Ph.D., when his money ran out. How could he raise the wind? He saw an advertisement. The Sears, Roebuck people, mail-order merchants, wanted a chemist in their Chicago test laboratory. Nelson got the job—and has

been with Sears, Roebuck ever since. He was merchandising manager and vice-president, directing the buying of more than £80,000,000 worth of goods a year, when Roosevelt got him on the phone, and asked him to come to Washington for a few weeks and help Treasurer Morgenthau buy warplanes for the British.

When Roosevelt and Morgenthau found what they'd got, they acted as the Sears, Roebuck head, Julius Rosenwald, had done—they cherished the imperturbable, industrious, astute Nelson, held him, and advanced him, until he was at the top, with authority over the spending of some thousands of millions of pounds a year on war production.

Ed. Stettinius, white-haired, black-browed, the handsomest man in American industry, is raw materials tsar. All the materials that go into production clear over his desk. He's had good training for the job, for until he came to Washington as a dollar-a-year man, he was chairman of the U.S. Steel Corporation, the world's biggest industrial organisation, owning its own raw materials.

Descendant of a German bookbinder who migrated from Stettin in the eighteenth century, Stettinius is a new phenomenon in U.S. industry: a man who came up by way of welfare work for workers.

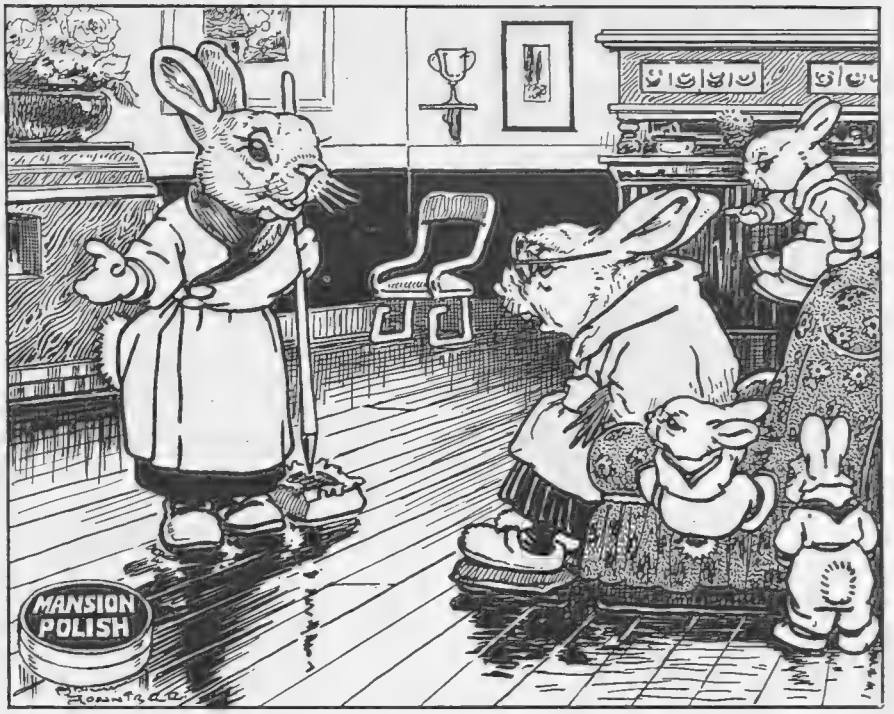
He is married, has three sons and a farm home in Virginia, and collects old vehicles, autographed books, and friends. He looks like a millionaire turned out by Fred Astaire's tailor, shirtmaker and hatter. He has an outsize smile, which, showing all his large and perfect teeth, gives him an odd resemblance to a laughing wolf. "The goal of production should not be profit alone," he says, "but material, social and spiritual betterment for all groups and classes."

Harry Hopkins is a member of the power group—the professional social welfare worker who got into New Deal politics, went to the White House for the week-end at the time of the fall of France, and has been there ever since, as a sort of confidential secretary, aide, liaison man and companion to the President, with whose social objectives he is, of course, in warm sympathy. He's Lend-Lease chief. Roosevelt and he worked that scheme out during a Caribbean cruise, and Hopkins runs it, and some other things, including Roosevelt's personal politics, mostly from his bedroom, Lincoln's old room, on the second floor of the White House, overlooking the far Potomac.

He is devoted to Roosevelt, uninterested in money or official position, but loves to be in the centre of things, and backstage of history in the making. Thin and restless and peaky, he's been living on his nerves for years. Although he's the head of the "goo-goo" (goody-goody) group among the New Dealers, Harry likes night clubs, race tracks, and week-end society.

AN important member of the power group is Leon Henderson, economist extraordinary and plenipotentiary, who looks like a younger Balzac, and has all the energy of that genius with none of his wildness. Sometimes called "Chief of the Kitchen Gestapo," he runs the Office of Price Administration, which controls all prices, and also handles rationing, and directs the Civilian Supply Office. Leon uses 2,500,000 persons on a voluntary basis in his rationing business. His staff tops 100,000, Lord Woolton gets along with 60,000, but Leon has more to do, and price-fixes many things besides food, and besides, America is a bigger country with thrice as many people as Britain. The O.P.A. costs £25,000,000 a year to run. That gives you some idea.

We come now to the President's voice, the voice of America. This is Elmer Davis, white-haired, short, poker-faced, head of the Office of War Information, which replaces the whole tangle of former agencies. Ostensibly Mr. Davis deals only in news and information, but actually he controls activities which in Britain are distributed between three departments, the Foreign Office, M.O.I., and the Political Warfare Department. He has great power. All radio and film programmes sponsored by government departments must clear through him. He can cut or abolish any government information service, programme or release (*Continued on page 62*)



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which he deems wasteful or unrelated to the war effort.

Finally, Vice-President Wallace and his chief of staff, Milo Perkins. Wallace, a mystic editor-agriculturist with remarkably hairy arms, ably ran the gigantic Department of Agriculture, the biggest ministry in Washington, with a whole wing given over to teams of scientists, and now heads the Economic Warfare Department. Roosevelt insisted the national convention which drafted him for a third term nominate his farmer friend as his running mate; and he got his way. Wallace is generally reckoned Roosevelt's successor. There is a Lincolnian quality about him, and he has something of Lincoln's look, and earthy eloquence. But he has one

These Men Run America

accomplishment which Lincoln lacked: he's an expert boomerang thrower.

Wallace and Perkins are the blue-printers of to-morrow's Utopia. They have a great vision of the millennium, where all have plenty to eat, and good houses to live in, a secure, bright, abundant world, in which the age-old problem of money, who's going to pay for it all and how, is solved by free men triumphantly victorious over the embattled powers of satanic evil, incarnate in the Nazis. Listening to them, one begins to think that somehow, at some time, the shining dream really will come true.

END

Wake of the Jackboot

(*Continued from page 15*)

eagerness—when they doubt the aims of their leaders. That is decidedly what happened in France, with all ages of people. This question of leadership worried us young Norwegians a great deal at first. Then, when we organised our law-breaking—suddenly we found the leaders *were there*. They just appeared! The occasion had produced them!"

This young man came from a very wealthy family and was on the frail, rather æsthetic side. Therefore his cultured voice, describing some particularly dangerous test with the brutal Nazi police, made the goose-step of the Nazi jackboot seem, somehow, grotesque. Norwegian wit was making a fool of it. And that he was not in any way over-stressing Norwegian resistance was amply confirmed by the documents the British had captured in the Lofoten raid. One, to Nazi G.H.Q., from the military commander of Norway himself, declared:

> "In spite of repeatedly proffered opportunities of taking over the control of domestic politics in their own country, the Norwegians have continued only to make a pretence of falling in with these offers. At the critical moment, however, they have always refused to shoulder the responsibility, and are consequently pursuing a deliberate policy of hold-back and wait-and-see *in order to gain time*." (Italics are mine.)

That "in order to gain time" is the key to the whole Norwegian psychology; they have subscribed to nothing. On the contrary, as this Norwegian on my ship was a living example of, the Nazis were driving the young Norwegians into a conscious mental re-armament.

In Soviet Russia I found the invasion psychology functioning so strong that there was almost a "unanimous concentration" of every Russian from the age of fourteen up behind the Red Army. They were not seeking new forms of future government, like the Norwegians, their war aim was to protect the life they already had. They needed no statesmen's speeches, promising them any Utopia in the post-war world. For that reason, they were as far removed from the parliamentary rhetoric I encountered on my return to Britain as is a football player in the field removed from his substitute, sitting on the sidelines, discussing how *he* would play the game.

What emphasised this difference to me more than anything else was the spirit of realism I discovered in the men of both the red and white ensigns. For I came back from Murmansk on a convoy that was hammered, badly, four days running with both dive bombing and submarine attack. I had the educational experience of happening to be watching a ship abeam and only slightly to the rear of us, in the next lane of convoy, when she was hit by a torpedo, precisely at 1.35 a.m., in the red Arctic midnight sun—and sunk in 2½ minutes.

In my cargo ship, and in the destroyer in which I spent two nights (at a certain place), I had the most vitalising days I have experienced in this war. These officers and men of the Merchant Marine, and of His Majesty's Royal Navy, were inspiring men of action. They were non-talking realists, the kind who look the implacable reality of war straight in the eye. They had no mock modesty, they had no false angers; neither did they joke about Jerry, whose unpleasant person was hardly mentioned. He was just there, something to be outwitted, defeated, then, although they couldn't see how it was to be done—disarmed for good.

We had a chief engineer, an old North of England rugby player. He was a pure W. W. Jacobs character. I asked him what he thought of the way things were being run by us: "I have nowt to say," he said, and filled his pipe. "Nowt!" he reiterated, with finality; "I do my job—best as I can. That's my job."

But when I tried him with the opening lines of Conrad's book of *Chance* he rose like a trout. Conrad makes his old retired ship captain say: "If I'd have navigated my ship with the complacency, born of ignorance, with which the *shore gang* runs the government—I'd never have brought her into port!"

I emphasised that *shore gang*, as I have italicised it now. "Aye! You've said it!" nodded this old chief; "that applies to my engines. Ye've got to know *them*."

IT was frequent talk among us of about with how little wisdom the world is run. An ordinary garage mechanic must know more about the insides of a motor car than the average statesman knows about government, otherwise he could never get it to run. *That* we ruefully agreed upon. And it was in this mood, after witnessing the cool realism of the Norwegian youth, the fanatic realism of the Russians, and the calm realism of the British sailors, that I reached London, and resumed—after a gap of over six months—my morning search over my cups of coffee, via the British daily Press and the weeklies, for what was going on in the England that I love. The land which is now my home.

I must be frank about it. I have never wavered a twitch from my experience-confirmed faith in the Englishman's patience, courage, final ability—when the show-down comes—to prevent the Nazis from winning this war. I make the distinction, please note, which points to a long, exhausting period ahead, in which everybody will be hanging on, to prevent the other side winning it. It will probably be a struggle for which we have no precedents. But, we might as well face the facts clearly, we can't say that, if the decision was given on points—for the rounds of this fight that we have fought up to date—that anybody is going to hold up *our* hand as the winner, yet.

Therefore, with the war not half won the thing that alarmed me most in the England I returned to was not merely that there seemed too much writing and talk about the plans for a post-war England, but that nearly *all of these plans were for material change*. Whereas I had felt, from my talks with the young Norwegian and what I had eye-witnessed in the land of the Soviets, that I would return to find that a *spiritual* change had taken place in England during my six months' absence. I found none.

Now, while it may seem a far jump from the theme with which I began this article: that Nature won't automatically repair the physical damages we have done to this world, to the need for a more spiritual and less

materialistic analysis concerning the shape of a post-war England, I began with that very point because I believe we ruthlessly make deserts in our own character owing to the lack of awareness of what is needed from ourselves. To give examples, let's take this question of protecting British farming, now so revived, after the war: How much attention do you see being paid, either in articles or statesmen's diatribes, to the return of farming *as a way of life*—rather than as a mere means of making a living. Here what I chose to call the *spiritual* links up unmistakably with the *physical* world; for instance, the return of a contented, *secure* life to your farmlands would revive the healthy civilisation of hundreds of declining market towns in Great Britain. It would bring thousands of English villages back to a full, fine life.

Is not this vastly better than a programme based upon this slogan, which I read in to-day's newspaper, and which jolted me into writing this article? EVERY VILLAGE WILL BE A BEAUTY SPOT.

Just look at the vital difference between these two attitudes! It's positively appalling; this lack of anything in this newspaper headline (or in the copy that came below) concerning the *spiritual* re-creation of Britain. I could go on; I could point to the shocking absence of a *constructive* contribution from the alleged leaders of the Labour Party in Britain at this critical time, other than demands for permanent employment and bigger pay. Can you point to one Labour leader today who has any spiritual appeal to the mass of Englishmen, other than plans for righting traditional party grievances? Or, for that matter, is there any Conservative or Liberal leader on what we chose to call the Home Front who has awakened any other enthusiasm—other than patriotism?

The answer is: no. So, in the rebuilding of England—among the bricks and mortar and the model villages, I state that the present plans for a post-war life will be unsubstantial unless they are coupled with a vigorous spiritual drive which will revive a breed of strong men, who, in the best sense of the word, will make England great again. That is the England, and not necessarily a "comfortable" England, which should come out of this adversity.

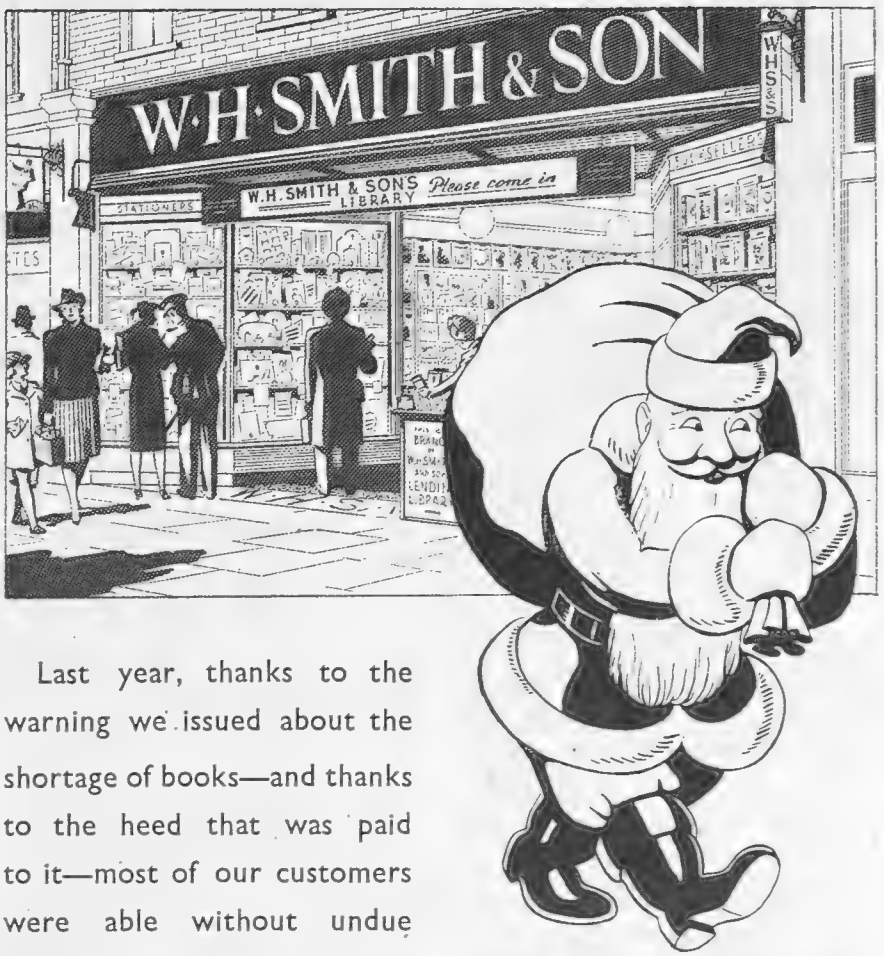
Bridges Where Romance Still Lingers

(*Continued from page* 20)

sins. This accounts for the small chapels that were often built on the bridge itself. These served the dual purpose of reminding the wayfarer to pray for the soul of the builder, as well as give alms for the upkeep of the bridge. Unfortunately, few of these tiny chapels remain, the one at Bradford-on-Avon, in Wiltshire, being perhaps the best known. Aubrey, writing in the sixteenth century, described it as a "strong, handsome bridge, with a chapel for masses." Originally it was only for the use of pack-horses and foot passengers, the heavier vehicles having to cross the river through the "broad ford," from which the town gets its name. In the unromantic days of last century the chapel was used as an ammunition dump for the local volunteers; before that it had been the town's lock-up for disorderly persons. Its curious weather-vane in the form of a fish gave rise to the saying that these revellers had spent the night "under the fish and over the water."

Bridges were most important during times of war—as Horatius proved. There is a thirteenth-century bridge in Monmouth, over the river Monnow, that retains its fortification in the form of a grim gateway that still guards its pathway.

The sturdy little bridge at Wellow, over which Monmouth's disheartened army was forced to cross, shows little military spirit to-day, but romance will find a footing in unexpected places, and the bridge takes its part in reminding us of those unhappy days when Englishmen fought against Englishmen on English soil for the last time.



Last year, thanks to the warning we issued about the shortage of books—and thanks to the heed that was paid to it—most of our customers were able without undue difficulty to make a satisfactory selection for their Christmas presents.

This year we issue an even more urgent warning, for not only are there fewer books available, but, because of the greater scarcity of other types of gifts, more people than ever will be choosing books. Therefore, we urge those of our customers who have always realized the advantages of books as presents, to shop early—and by shopping early we do not mean in the early days of December or even November. **You cannot start too soon. Start now.**

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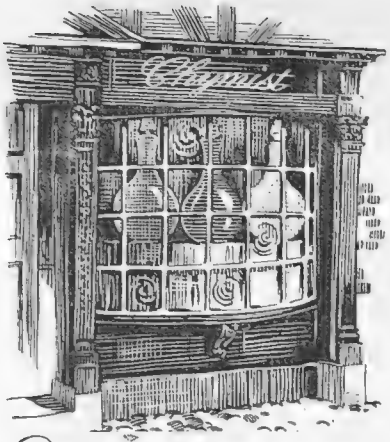

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Life then was slower. Dress was picturesque but women looked older than their years; medical science, as understood today, was in its infancy. In those times women just *had* to put up with many things which nowadays would not be tolerated. Knowledge on many vital subjects was limited—women *expected* to be "in poor health" from 40 onwards. Today such middle-age suffering need not be, because modern medical science has discovered its cause and remedy. Menopax is a most up-to-date medicine for such conditions—prescribed by doctors.

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Death to the Convoy Raiders

(*Continued from page 25*)

A baled-out pilot in a rubber dinghy is a tiny object to be spotted in mid-Atlantic by a cruising Sunderland or Catalina. Mists and sea fogs are commoner in northern latitudes than brilliant skies. The sea itself might be gale-torn and bitter. Orders were issued to Catafighter pilots, therefore, to bale out in defined positions relative to the convoy if it became impossible to return to a land base. The Hurricane would be crashed in the sea and lost; but the pilot would have at least a chance of salvation.

Even so, immersion in the winter Atlantic, or even in the Arctic Circle seas, is no child's play. Consequently, Catafighter pilots were equipped with special clothing and accessories designed to set intense cold at bay as long as possible.

Recently the Webfooted R.A.F., as they humorously name themselves, have celebrated their first birthday by destroying totally over the Atlantic a Heinkel and a Junkers, as well as savagely damaging three other enemy aircraft: not a bad birthday celebration, considering that all these successes happened actually on the birthday. The official name of the Webfoots is the Merchant Ship Fighter Unit; and the Prime Minister himself, a man of vast vision and imagination, was responsible for much of its creation.

IT was fascinatingly interesting to watch the first Hurricane defence just over a year ago. Very obviously the enemy had not been warned of the presence of the Catafighters in the very large convoy proceeding eastwards. There had been U-boat attempts to decimate the enormous convoy; and there had been more than ephemeral rumours that powerful surface raiders were on the northern flank, intent on scattering and destroying the great combination of shipping piecemeal. But our heavy protective patrols were well qualified to take care of the surface enemy; and the excellent organisation of the destroyer and corvette escort was coping adequately with the submarine menace. When two great F.-W.s resolved themselves out of the cloud-patched sky they appeared to be approaching with insolent leisureliness and indifference.

"Watch the CAM!" advised my destroyer captain, almost dancing with eagerness. The remoter ships of the convoy—its front was fully eight miles wide—both escorts and escorted, were already shooting hard at the air raiders; the sky filled with bright flashes that faded into dingy, fleecy puffs. The hum of hard-driven engines grew appreciably more audible. The two F.-W.s broke formation; one, daring the increasing barrage—which was definitely heavy—manœuvred as if to dive on the commodore's ship in the centre of the far-flung line. It appeared as if every ack-ack gun of every type instantly concentrated its fire on the monster.

It took evasive action, but was mercilessly chased in its fantastic zigzags, so that it was unable to drop its load of death and destruction on its selected target. Meantime, the second F.-W. had raced into the cover afforded by patchy cloud, as if damaged and seeking safety. At this tense moment I saw the Hurricane fighter propelled from its freighter carrier.

Up and up climbed the Hurricane, obeying the guiding hand with miraculous cleverness; so that man and machine seemed one in purpose and construction.

Then the F.-W. broke cover, intending to attack the convoy unexpectedly from another point of the compass, what time his confederate engaged the attention of the gunners. Before the German pilot knew what was happening, our Hurricane pounced on him.

Two bursts sounded; and—the F.-W. disintegrated in mid-air. The Hurricane pilot—we picked him up afterwards in our destroyer—had been one of the outstanding heroes of the Battle of Britain; these valiant men formed the nucleus of the M.S.F.U. at its inception.

The Catafighter gave the victory roll and hurried on after the second enemy aircraft, which, absorbed in its own affairs, had obviously not yet seen its confederate's fate.

The Catafighter jockeyed for position, like a fighter in the ring. He came zooming up under the enemy in a steep climb; but instead of engaging from below he ran past his antagonist, spun on his heel and, from closely above, gave him everything he had. The F.-W. instantly lost height, falling flatly, not in a dive. His bombs were let go, but these fell more than a mile away. We heard short, sharp bursts, three of them—then a fourth and longer one. Smoke poured from the enemy, he wilted. He set his nose for home, leaving the convoy to its own devices; but he was fated not to reach home. The Catafighter went after him like a shell. Another thin burst sounded, with stammering reply that seemed like a faint, half-hearted whisper. Then one wing of the F.-W. broke away. Ugly smoke streamed from its starboard engine; it dipped in a helpless way. Realising that he had his quietus, our Hurricane ceased fire, hovering above, watching his victim slope down to the sea and die there. For a minute, perhaps, the F.-W. floated; then the sea washed serenely over him. That day's air attack was ended to our advantage.

END

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

An American who comes to England to write up the blitz, and adopts a three-year-old orphan of it, is drawing perilously near our heart-strings. "Journey for Margaret" (Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. W. L. White is a moving story with strong child-interest against war background—notably that part of it dealing with Margaret's treatment at Anna Freud's London rest-home for bomb-shocked war orphans. He covers other aspects of the fight, but Margaret is his big assignment, and in taking her to America he takes something which symbolises Britain and Britain's ordeal.

A sophisticated family growing up after the last war and under the menace of this; the kind of life which takes in the sun of Cap d'Antibes, the snows of St. Moritz, first nights, publishers' parties, and Laszlo portraits; friends like Antonia, a "deb" in a million who takes up hospital work, and the alluring Virginia who says: "They called me Virgin for short but not for long"; a bright young widow whose husband fell ill from "drinking sherry out of a damp glass," who rejects a pompous brother-in-law's help and prefers to work for her two children as a travel-agency courier . . . that, in brief, is Captain Jerrard Tickell's "Soldier From the Wars Returning" (Chapman and Hall, 9s. 6d.): brilliant, witty, urbane—a champagne cocktail of a novel with a serious social basis. It will delight intelligent people who savour a book not just for its story but its vintage writing.

I think they will like, too, Mr. Branch Cabell's "The First American Gentleman" (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), a delicious satire on the Spanish colonisation of America.

Strange things have happened in this war; but would you believe that a mysterious object resembling a dud fire-bomb, dropped from a German raider, could so unhinge the mind of a country squire in the sage fifties that he loses his memory and goes virtually mad? How this impinges on his family, and especially his wife Isabel—a stepmother weighted with the normal woes of that difficult office—and how the mystery is eventually solved, make an engaging theme for Mr. Eliot Crawshay-Williams in "Lapse Into Lunacy" (Long, 8s. 6d.), a story for those who like an original situation and deft dialogue.

To-day Home Front science is as important as Front Line strategy—particularly

the science of feeding. In "Feeding the Family in Wartime" (Harrap, 5s.), Miss Doris Grant and four medical experts tell the housewife, canteen chef, and caterer all they need to know about the newest principles of nutrition. There are tables for practical meal-planning, fifty pages of recipes. Lord Horder commends this admirable effort to popularise right feeding; royalties go to the Merchant Navy.

END

Ribbed Woolly, Diamond Yoke

(*Continued from page* 43)

on every row until there are 40 sts. Work straight until armhole is 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 8 sts. at outside edge on every other row, 5 times. Work other side the same. Pick up 70 sts. round neck and work all k. B for 4 rows. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

With B wool, cast on 56 sts. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 3 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 80 sts. Work straight until side seams are 18 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press the yoke. Sew up one shoulder seam. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Hem neck to wrong side invisibly and press. Pick up 40 sts. along both edges of open shoulder. Work all k. in B for 8 rows. Cast off. Sew press studs to this opening. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders for distance of 4 ins.

LARGER SIZES

An oz. more brown natural wool is needed to fit 36-in. bust.

BACK

Cast on 112 sts. instead of 104 and inc. to 144 sts. instead of 136. Make side seams longer if liked. Reduce to 109 sts. and continue as 34-in. bust.

FRONT

Have the 8 extra sts. as given for back.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 64 sts. instead of 56. Inc. to 88 sts. instead of 80. Reduce to 38 sts. instead of 30.

THIRTY-EIGHT-INCH BUST

Work as 36-in. size, using No. 8 needles.

Knitted Jacket, Coupon Saver

(*Continued from page* 43)

to make armhole 8 ins. Cast off 10 sts. at outside edge 4 times.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 62 sts. Work the patt. for 3 ins. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 6th row until there are 80 sts. Work straight until there are 18 ins. up side seam. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 26 sts. Cast off.

THE POCKETS (two alike)

Cast on 40 sts. Work the patt. for 4 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and shoulder seams. Sew up sleeve seams to within 4 ins. of cuffs. Sew on pockets and buttons, and press studs to fasten. Sew tape (to fit waist) round on inside. Make 2 darts at front waist as in illustration.

LARGER SIZES

1 oz. more wool needed.

THE BACK

Cast on 168 sts. instead of 156. Reduce to 134 sts. instead of 122. Inc. to 160 sts. instead of 148. At shoulders, reduce to 132 sts. instead of 120. Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of 8 rows, leaving 44 sts.

THE FRONTS

Cast on 90 sts. instead of 84, and reduce to 72 sts. instead of 66. Inc. to 86 sts. instead of 80. Dec. to 66 sts. at armhole instead of 60. Dec. to 44 sts. at neck instead of 40. Cast off 11 sts. 4 times.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 74 sts. Inc. to 92 sts. instead of 80, dec. to 36 sts. instead of 26.

THIRTY-EIGHT-INCH BUST

As 36 in., using No. 9 needles.

let your hair be a shining halo + + +

IF the good fairy who hands out thick curly hair wasn't around when you were born, don't worry. To-day men notice the way hair is permed and dressed and cared for more than anything else, and good grooming is what really matters.

The main reason for hair looking dull and unattractive is that scalps get clogged with grease, dirt or scurf, which prevents nourishment getting through the pores of the scalp to the hair. Regular, vigorous shampooing, therefore, is the best beauty treatment. Between shampoos massage your scalp with finger-tips, and use your hairbrush. Nightly brushing, contrary to popular belief, doesn't affect a perm, except to improve it; soft waves and curls are prettier, anyway, than those rigid furrows and flat curls so popular during the 'gilded thirties.'

If you're troubled with dandruff, shampoo as often as ever possible, mixing a teaspoonful of borax in a cup of warm water and rubbing into the scalp before you start. Or, if you can get these, apply olive-oil if hair is dry, or a tonic with a spirit base if it's greasy, and then comb the scalp with a toothcomb. Wash brushes and combs regularly or they will re-infect your hair. If you haven't got dandruff, make sure you don't get it; never lend combs or brushes or try on other people's hats.

And, remembering that diet affects hair, try to get as much Vitamin B as you can (wholemeal bread, egg yolk and oatmeal contain largest quantities). Get as much fresh air as possible, too. And sleep.

How long since you changed your hair style? Altering your hair can do as much for you as a new hat. And don't forget to save an Icilma Shampoo, as well as your other Icilma Beauty Preparations, for those occasions when you want your hair to shine with as many lights as pre-war Piccadilly.

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On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

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The Runt

(*Continued from page* 12)

bad scheme," he said slowly. "Wants a bit o' doin', o' course, an' a bit o' thinkin', too. Mathers, you let me mull it over before we try it on the others, will you?"

"Certainly. If you think it impractical, I shan't be offended. I'll just go along and have a look at my patient now."

Harris scarcely noticed that he had gone. He was struggling with a piece of imaginative thinking, an occupation as difficult for him as it was unusual.

He weighed their chances, and wondered. They had had Italians for guards last week; this week it was Germans. The Italians were much more officious, but a German would fight harder when they went to overpower him. On the other hand, the German uniform made a far safer disguise; no Italian would venture to challenge it. The sergeant could think of a variety of disasters that might befall them, but the very audacity of Mathers's scheme was its best recommendation. It would not take long. Try it to-night, and by morning they might be free men once more, not to speak of putting El Maghid back in British hands. If Harris knew his countrymen and the Australians, they would take an explosion in the ammunition dump as a clear signal to come on.

Their watches had been taken from them, and they could tell the hour only by the waxing and waning of daylight at the mouth of the cave. Until now it hadn't occurred to Harris that they might be pressed for time. Not that they had many preparations to make, but he must explain Mathers's plan to his fellow-prisoners one or two at a time. By the time he had finished, the blinding light at the cave's mouth was tinged with duller, cooler grey. They wouldn't have long to wait now.

They were a ragged little band, badly in need of shaving and bathing, and proper food. They didn't look fit for the desperate venture on which they were about to embark. They didn't look like heroes, and if the queasy feeling in Sergeant Harris's tough middle was any sign, they didn't feel like heroes, either. The general excitement, though he shared it himself, made Harris uneasy. In something between a whisper and a growl he told them not to give the show away.

Rebuked, they scattered about the cave and lay down. Mathers was busy with the wounded German officer, absorbed in what he was doing. He had taken his patient's pulse and temperature, and he got Harris to help him change the sheets on the cot. "It's going to be a close call for him," Mathers murmured. "I wish we could get him to a proper doctor and a decent sick-bay. I do my best, but I haven't got much beyond goodwill to offer him."

Mathers had a last look at Colonel Ritter and turned reluctantly away. "I suppose we'd better start, hadn't we?" he said, in the tone of a man addressing himself to a necessary but distasteful task. "He's talking a little, and he'll go on talking. Shall I call the guard in?"

"Wait an' I'll warn the others. Then you can call 'im."

Now that the moment was at hand, the sergeant's nerves were jumpy. There must not be a single error; they had too much at stake for that. A pity they were not in better physical condition, but they would have to make do with what strength they still had. Presumably, the guard would bend over Ritter's cot and Harris planned to seize him from behind.

It didn't take long to finish his rounds, and his terse, whispered instructions to the others. "Got it straight? When 'e comes in you're all to be lyin' about just like you always do. But when you move, move fast. Mathers!"

"Yes, sergeant?"

"You can 'ave 'im in now. We're all ready for 'im."

After that it was mostly action, with no time to think. Ritter was tossing and muttering as Mathers started, precise and unhurried, towards the mouth of the cave. Harris saw that the Runt had left his medical kit standing open, which wasn't like him. Mathers had been allowed a flashlight because he had to attend to his patient at night, and he switched it on before he went to call the guard. The men strained their ears towards that murmur of talk, then sank back to their former positions as they heard footsteps approaching. The beam of the flashlight went before them, and Mathers was saying: "Sick, and he's talking. There! You hear him?"

The guard reached out and took the flashlight from him. But all the prisoners seemed to be asleep, or half-asleep, and he gave the light back to Mathers. He leaned his rifle against Ritter's cot, within reach, and bent down. "*Ja, bitte, Herr Oberst?*" he said.

Half crouched already, Harris held his breath. He was sweating. But the guard was intent on Colonel Ritter's incoherent words, and Harris got to his feet. Beside him, he felt rather than heard the others stirring. He took a cautious step forward, judging the distance, then another. Then he sprang.

Smithson and Comrie were at his heels. Harris flung an arm about the guard and clapped his hand over his mouth. Comrie got a fierce grip on the man's throat. But the German was huge, and he fought like a demon. Harris hadn't known until then how weak the captivity and the semi-starvation had left him. It was all he could do to keep his hand over the guard's mouth. He had a sickening feeling that they might fail at the very start, that the guard might break free and raise the alarm. But then Mathers intervened, and the sergeant saw why he had left the medical kit open. Mathers was not a moment too soon.

He had soaked a cotton pad in chloroform and he pressed it against the German's dilated, nostrils. It was done quickly and efficiently, as Mathers did everything. The fight went out of the guard, and Mathers said: "We'll put him in the back cave. I hope I didn't give him too heavy a dose."

"Drown 'im!" said Comrie, and giggled. "What's next, mates?"

"Next is," said Harris, "I change into 'is duds. Look smart, now! We've no time to waste. Mathers, watch them grenades when you go to unfasten his belt. Well, what is it?"

"Nothing—only I thought *I* should put on his uniform. After all, it was my idea, wasn't it?"

"Do you know 'ow to throw a grenade?"

"No, but you could show me."

The sergeant turned. "Smithson! Got the clothes off im?"

"'Ere they are, sergeant."

Harris took them. "Now then, Mathers! You 'old them up, just for the fit. Well?"

"They're miles too big," Mathers had to admit. "Still, since I thought of it——"

"If you thought of it, that's credit enough, ain't it?" He was stripping off his own scanty garments as he spoke, and putting on the German uniform. (*Continued on page* 68)

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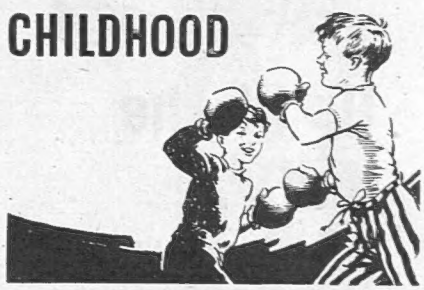

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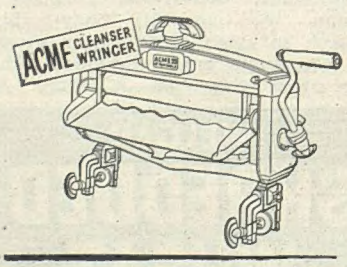

Mathers said: "Look here, sergeant——!"

"It's no good, Mathers. The only cave with barbed wire about the mouth of it, you said? Wish me luck, chums! 'Ere I go!"

He had taken his first step towards the mouth of the cave when the shell struck just outside. A few feet to the left and it would have burst in the cave itself. As it was, the whole place shook with the force of the explosion. The sergeant whistled. "Might ha' stepped fair into that! That guard ought to say 'is thanks to us now. 'E'd ha' been worse than drugged, but for us!"

Mathers said: "Quick, sergeant! They're bound to send a patrol along to see what became of their guard, after that shell burst. If they find you——"

"Never thought o' that! You *'ave* got a head on you! Where'll I——?"

"Get outside, quickly, and hide till the alarm's over."

Harris hurried out. Comrie said: "But look 'ere! Suppose they go muckin' about and find *'im* there in the back cave? Our jig's up, if they do!"

"I don't think they will. They'll assume that that shell blew him to atoms. They'll post another guard and be off."

"'Ush!" said Comrie. "'Ere they come!"

But, as Mathers had foretold, the patrol stayed only to post another guard, having found nothing in the cave to waken their suspicions. That bursting shell had stood the prisoners in good stead. The absence of their guard from the cave's mouth might have seemed suspicious, but now they had another guard. Harris, too, had got away on his mission. But Edward Mathers was profoundly uneasy—bitter at not being allowed to help execute the plan he had devised, and worried about Harris. There was still sporadic shell-fire outside, and Lumsden said: "He can pick his way by them flashes. 'Tain't likely anyone'll challenge 'im, in that racket."

Suddenly Mathers made them all jump. "Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed, in a voice like a groan. "Oh, Lord, I forgot about the guards at the ammunition dump! They'll speak to the sergeant, and he won't be able to answer them. Quick! Give me that medical kit!"

"But—what *is* this? You can't go out there; they'll shoot you!"

"I can tell them I need bandages. They all know me. Maybe I can find Harris."

The little man's voice had a quality of anguish in it. He didn't listen to their whispered objections. "I've got to get down there, I tell you! I should have thought of those guards!"

He didn't feel heroic in the least. But the first thing was to find the sergeant.

It wasn't as hard as, at first thought, it might have seemed. He knew, roughly, the route that Harris must take, and he followed that, skirting shell-holes when he could see them, stumbling into them when he could not. No one paid any attention to him; night or day, the little orderly was a familiar figure in El Maghid, and too insignificant to raise any thought of danger. Sergeant Harris would be another matter entirely, and——

"Hsst, Mathers!" said a voice at his feet.

Mathers dropped beside him. "Are you hit?"

"No, but it got too light with the shellin', an' too many 'Uns about. 'Tisn't my own skin I'm worried about, but if we make one slip the whole scheme goes up. The worst is that they've got guards out in front of the ammunition dump. 'Ow am I to get past them?"

"That's what I came out to tell you. I should have thought of the guards."

"Might 'ave thought of them myself! But what's to do?"

"Give me the German uniform. If they speak to me, I can answer."

"But you can't set a grenade right, an' I can't teach you in a shell-'ole!"

Mathers said, in a fierce whisper: "You've got to let me try! I told you I nearly walked into the ammunition dump once before in this outfit I'm wearing, and——"

"Yes, and the guards wanted to shoot you!"

"But if I had the German uniform——"

"If you 'ad six uniforms, you still couldn't plant a grenade!"

The sergeant was as sharply aware of their peril as anyone. But here was Mathers plucking at his sleeve again. "What is it now?" Harris growled.

"You crawl down and take cover as close to the dump as you can get. I'm going to pretend to make the same mistake I made before, and blunder into the ammunition dump looking for medical stores. When the guards see me I'll pretend to be frightened and run, and they're bound to run out after me, at least, a little way. I'll keep them there as long as I can, explaining who I am, and you try to slip into the cave. You'll have to be quick! Then set your grenades, and run!"

"But what about you? When they see you runnin', they'll fire!"

In a grating whisper Mathers told him that this was not a lawn party. "Will you do as I say, or have you got a better way?"

The sergeant hadn't. He was startled into agreement as much by the sharpness of Mathers's question as by its logic. The Runt had been right often enough before, but it was something new to see him exasperated. Harris said: "We'll do it your way, then."

There was nothing more to discuss. The sergeant crept down as close as he dared to the mouth of the ammunition dump. Craning a little, Harris could see Mathers now. The big sergeant was trembling.

It all happened very quickly. The guards barked a gruff challenge, Mathers jumped at the sound and turned to run, as if in panic. Both guards ran out after him, waiting, in that dubious light, for a chance to shoot. Harris couldn't stop to see what happened. He slid down a rocky shoulder and raced into the cave. There was not a moment to waste. He set his grenades and ran out at once, without waiting for the guards to come back and be shot. He must take his chance with the guards, just as Mathers had.

The guards were on their way back. Harris fired and dropped into a shell-hole before the fire could be returned. Pretty soon they wouldn't be thinking about him! He slid to the bottom of the hole, flattened himself there and waited, hearing shouts above him. Then suddenly the solid earth quivered with the uproar of the blast, and an intolerable, stabbing burst of light filled the sky. Harris lay with his fingers clutching the torn earth, deafened and stunned. He could not believe that all this had started as an idea in little Mathers's precise brain.

He ought to get back to the cave, and the others. When he crept up to the lip of his shell-hole he saw the quick flashes of their own guns, as if the explosion had startled the British lines awake. They should attack now, while the confusion in El Maghid was at its worst.

The guard was gone. Harris lumbered inside and dropped, panting. "There's all 'ell poppin'!" he said. "That's tanks out beyond, eh?"

The men had crowded up to the mouth of the cave and were staring. The attack broke along the whole line at once. The tanks roared up with their guns blazing, and the defenders of El Maghid made only a brief stand. There was a play of searchlights now, and they saw German and Italian troops with their hands in the air. Comrie supposed, aloud, that they might as well get ready to go.

Harris sat up then. "'Ere! Where's Mathers?"

"I'm here, sergeant," said that weary and dusty little man. "I got back to the cave just before you did. I've been getting Colonel Ritter ready to be moved. "It's a great thing for him! Once we get him the proper attention, he should come along nicely."

1.11.42

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